





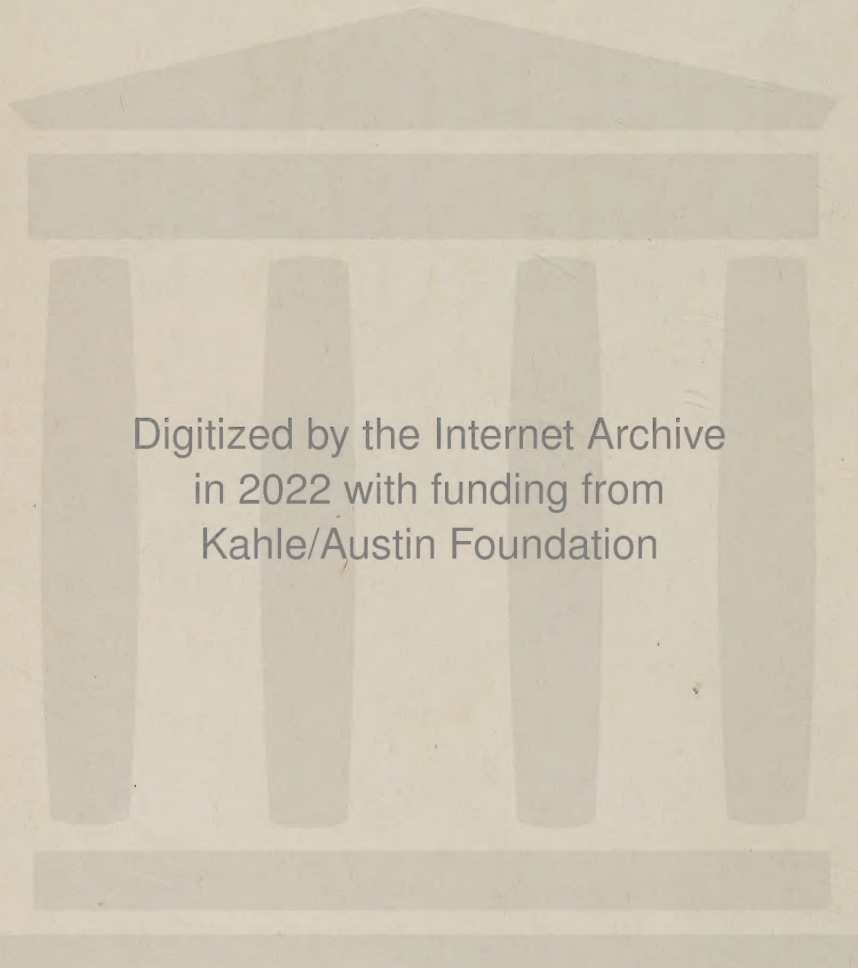


DONN P.  
CRANE









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# Book Trails

TO ENCHANTED LANDS



*E. M. Hale and Company*

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN



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## WHY THE CUCKOO KEEPS SILENT IN WINTER

### *Rumanian Folk Tale*

**A**FTER the creation of all the birds, the All-Father called them together and told them to elect a king to rule over them. The birds chattered and chirruped, talked and fought, but could not come to any decision.

When the All-Father saw that it was going on without an end, and that they seemed unable to make their choice, he picked out the goldfinch to be their king. The birds submitted, as they were bound to do, and making their obeisance to the new king, each one departed to its own nest. Although the gathering had lasted for some time, the cuckoo was still missing, and after all the other birds had departed, he also turned up and made his obeisance to the new king in due and proper form.



The goldfinch looked at him and said, "Well, cuckoo, where have you been?"

"Oh, I lost my way in the forest," said the cuckoo, "and it took me a long time to come here."

"I will forgive you," King Goldfinch said, "but only on one condition. You know the forest well; go and make me a nice palace out of the bast (strong woody tree-fiber) of the trees."

The cuckoo, glad to have escaped so easily, said "Willingly will I do so," and flew away. But he was so light-headed and unstable that he said one thing one day and forgot it the next. So he flew light-heartedly from tree to tree and allowed the summer to pass without remembering the promise he had made to the goldfinch.

When autumn drew near he suddenly recollected that the goldfinch expected a palace built out of the bast of the trees, for he wanted to live in a shining palace. But the cuckoo hated to work, so he decided to hide himself in the thickest part of the forest. King Goldfinch had waited month after month to see the palace, and as the cuckoo had been seen flitting from tree to tree and singing, the goldfinch thought him busily at work. But when autumn came and no trace of any palace could be seen, the goldfinch looked around to find where the cuckoo was. But the cuckoo's song was no longer to be heard and he had disappeared.

That is why the goldfinch never had the palace which he desired, and that is also the reason why the cuckoo stops singing from the feast of St. John, lest he be discovered by the goldfinch and taken to task for his broken promise.



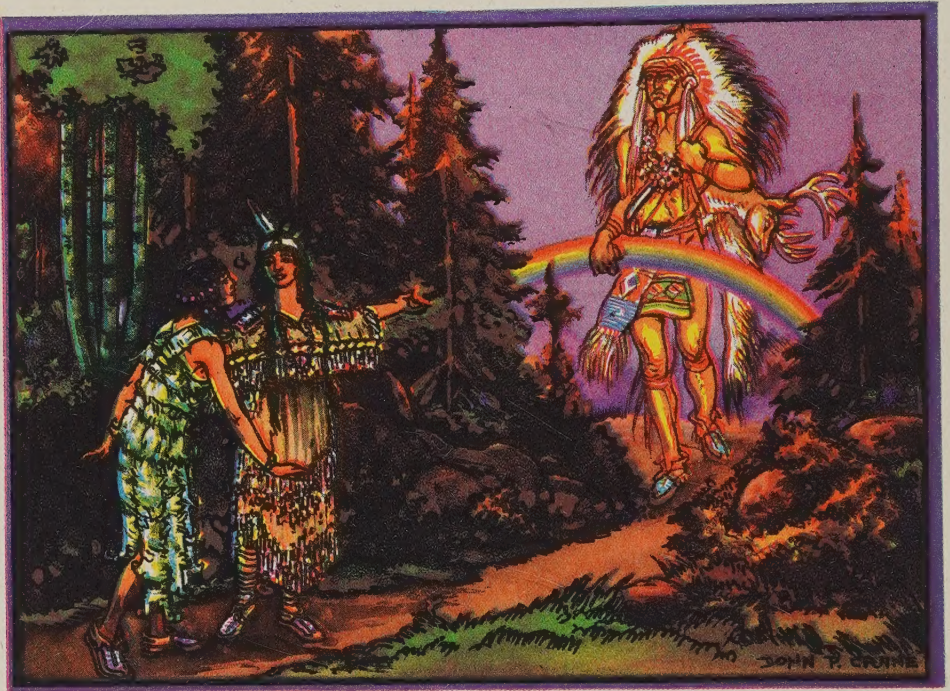
THE INVISIBLE HUNTER<sup>1</sup>*A Micmac Indian Legend*

AT THE far end of a tiny Indian village, where the rosy light of the rising sun played on the ripples of Neganish Bay, lived an old Indian of the Wabanaki with his three daughters. It was the duty of the two elder girls to keep the wigwam in order, cooking the food and dressing the skins for the family's clothing; but they were lazy and shiftless and left most of the work to the youngest girl. Her father called her Little Wonban (Dawn), but there was nothing to suggest the joyous, rosy light of the sunrise about this poor child, who was thin and shabby and sad-eyed. The elder sisters kicked and cuffed her about, and made her do most of the work, until she often fell asleep from sheer weariness. Sometimes she would fall asleep over the fire and her face was scarred from the hot cinders, while her long black hair looked dull instead of shining and sleek like that of her sisters. Moreover, there never seemed to be enough skins when her father came back from the hunt to clothe all of the family, so poor Wonban had only the worn remnants to wrap about her. On her feet she bound strips of cast-off leather in place of moccasins such as her sisters wore.

Now at the other end of the village lived a youth who was known as a mighty hunter and warrior. His sister kept his lodge for him, since she was his only living relative. The youth, whose name was Teâm (Moose), had the protection of

<sup>1</sup>This tale is an American Indian version of Cinderella.





a great Chînu (wizard) who had given him the power of assuming the form of a moose or of making himself invisible. So it happened that none of the maidens of the village had ever seen him. Since he was said to be handsome, and since the maidens knew his lodge always to be well provided with food and soft furs, there was great excitement when his sister announced that her brother Teâm desired to be married and would take as wife the first maiden who could see him.

The young women flocked to the lodge of Teâm to try their luck. His sister received all of the visitors kindly and entertained them until near sunset. Then, when it was time for her brother to return from the hunt, she would invite them to walk



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with her down to the road that led from the forest. As soon as she saw her brother approaching, for to her he was always visible, she would ask the maidens, "Do you see my brother coming?" Some said they could see him, others confessed they could not. Then, to those who thought they saw him, or pretended they could do so, she would add, "Tell me, of what is his great bow made?" They would answer that it was this kind of wood, or that kind of wood, but their answers always told her that they had not really seen her brother. Nevertheless she would reply, "Since you see him, let us go back to the wigwam."

Back in the wigwam she would invite them to be seated on her side of the great fire. Then her brother would enter, go to his side of the lodge, and the maidens would see his catch of game as it fell from his shoulder to the ground. He would draw off his wet moccasins and hand them to his sister, and when they touched her hand and were hung before the fire to dry, the maidens could see them also. But Teâm they could not see. Sometimes the girls would stay and help prepare the supper but never did they see Teâm. When the food was taken to his side of the lodge, they could not see it after he had touched any utensil or food. Disappointed, they would finally go home.

So it went on for many moons until nearly all of the maidens in the village and in the neighboring villages had tried to see Teâm, and failed. Finally, the two sisters of Wonban dressed themselves in their best robes of deerskin, wound strings of colored shells about their throats and in their long hair, and went to visit the sister of Teâm. But it befell them as it had all



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the others, and though they declared that they could see the hunter, their answers proved that they did not speak the truth.

After they went home, they talked continuously of the lodge of Teâm and his sister, until Wonban decided that she, too, must have a glimpse of that wonderful wigwam. The eldest sister laughed, saying, "How can such a mouse as you hope to see Teâm, when even we could catch no glimpse of him?"

"Nay," answered Wonban, "while it may be that I cannot see the mighty hunter, I hope his sister will receive me and I may catch a glimpse of the beautiful lodge with its rich robes of fur, of which all the maidens speak."

The sisters said no more but they would not lend Wonban a dress; so she had to make one of birch bark, and upon her feet she wore an old pair of her father's moccasins. She tried to arrange her hair but it was thin and uneven, and the string of tiny shells she wound in her hair made it seem even duller by contrast. Nevertheless she started out, deaf to the unkind remarks of the people in the village, who made fun of her queer dress and the misfit moccasins.

"Of course I shall not be able to see Teâm," she thought, "but just to help prepare his supper and see that wonderful wigwam will be joy enough to remember for many days."

At last she came to the wigwam. While she hesitated at the entrance, the sister of Teâm saw her and welcomed her in kindly fashion, asking her to sit by the fire. Soon she had her talking of her life at home, but Wonban said nothing of the unkindness of her sisters to her. About sunset the two maidens walked toward the forest. When the sister saw her brother coming she



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said, "Teâm is coming. Can you see him yonder on the path?"

Looking toward the forest, Wonban's eyes opened in wonder, as she replied, "Yes, I see the shining one."

"Tell me then," replied the sister, noting the excitement of her companion, "of what is his hunter's bow made that he carries now in his hand?"

"It is the rainbow!" whispered Wonban.

"Ah, then you do truly see him," replied his sister. "It is given only to one who is good and true at heart to see my brother. Now let us hasten home ahead and prepare for his coming."

So the two maidens hurried back to the wigwam, where the sister filled a great basin with heated water, into which she poured a sweet-smelling liquid from an earthen pot. She then stripped her guest of her poor, ragged clothing and bade her bathe. The scented water took the weariness from Wonban's thin little body and washed away the scars from her face and hands, making her cheeks glow with healthy color. Then the sister dressed Wonban in a robe of soft white buckskin, worked in quills and beads, and deeply fringed. Such a garment little Wonban had never imagined, much less seen!

"And now for your hair," cried the sister, bringing forth a comb. Under the magic touch of the comb the thin drab hair grew shiny, long, and heavy, so that it made a soft crown upon her head when the sister had braided it and caught it up with loops of delicately colored shells.

Her toilet finished, the maiden was told to occupy the side of the wigwam where the brother would sit, and to take the wife's place on a fur rug near the door.



Scarcely was she seated when Teâm entered. Laughing, he looked down at the young girl, saying, "Wajoolkoos (So we are found, are we)?" "Alajul aa (Yes)," answered Wonban, wondering whether even now she was beautiful enough for the shining Teâm. But at once her fears were set at rest for he asked her to stay always in his wigwam as his wife.

Meantime the father of Wonban had come home from his hunting. When he found his youngest daughter absent, he asked her sisters what had become of her. "She went out," they answered, "and though we called her to come back, she would not obey." The father was worried, and at last set out to search for her. All through the village he went, and finally came to the wigwam of Teâm, whence came the sounds of laughter and rejoicing. Stepping within, he found his daughter feasting with Teâm and his sister. At first he did not recognize his child, she had been so transformed. But she ran to him and begged his consent to her marriage. This he gladly gave, counseling her to remain and be a good and dutiful wife. But what the elder sisters thought when he reached home and told them that Wonban was now the wife of Teâm, that the story does not tell.







## JERUSALEM ARTIE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

JULIA DARROW COWLES

JERUSALEM ARTIE sat on the doorstep of his mammy's cabin, buried in thought. It was a very unusual condition for Jerusalem Artie, but then, the occasion was an unusual one. The next day would be Christmas.

Presently he looked up. "Mammy," he questioned, "what's we-all a-gwine hab fo' Chris-mus dinnah?"

"Lan' sakes, chile," his mammy answered, "how-all's I a-gwine know dat? Yo' pappy ain't got nuthin' yit, an' I ain't a-reckonin' he will git nuthin'."

Jerusalem Artie looked down, and was once more lost in thought.

He made a comical little figure there on the doorstep, but to this fact both he and his mammy were blissfully oblivious. On his head he wore an old straw hat which his pappy had discarded for a fur cap at the approach of winter weather. In the

From *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



spring the exchange would be made again, and Jerusalem Artie would wear the fur. But this did not trouble the boy. When it grew too hot, he left off any sort of head covering; and when it grew too cold, he wrapped one of mammy's gay bandanas about his woolly head, and set the battered straw on top of that.

His shirt, and his one-sided suspenders, and even the trousers that he wore, had also belonged to his pappy. As Jerusalem Artie was only eight years old, the trousers were a trifle long. He had once suggested cutting them off, but his mammy had objected.

"Co'se yo' cain't, chile! Yo' pappy might hab to weah dem pants some mo' hisself yit, an' how-all'd he look den?"

The question was unanswerable.

"An' what-all'd I weah den?" he had queried, dismayed at the possibility.

"How-all yo' s'pose I's a-gwine know dat?" his mammy had responded. "Maybe yo' skin."

So Jerusalem Artie had rolled, and rolled, and rolled the bottom of the trouser legs till his little black toes emerged from the openings.

But now, as he sat on the doorstep, his mind was not upon his clothes, not even upon the offending trousers. It was upon the Christmas dinner for which he was longing, but which did not exist.

"All neighbo' folks a-gwine hab Chris'mus dinnahs," he was saying to himself. "Boys done tol' me so. An' we's gwine hab Chris'mus dinnah, too," he added, straightening up suddenly.

He got up from the doorstep and started slowly toward the

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bit of tangled underbrush that grew back of the cabin. He did not know, yet, where the Christmas dinner was coming from. He had gotten no further than the resolve that there should be one.

"Folks hab turkey, er goose," he was saying to himself, "er chicken, er—rabbit pie," he ended with a sudden whoop, and made a dash toward the tangled brush, for, at that very moment, a rabbit's white flag of a tail had flashed before his eyes.

"Hi, yo' Molly Cottontail, I git yo' fo' a pie!" yelled Jerusalem Artie, and the chase was on.

Into the brush dashed Molly, and after her came Jerusalem Artie; and, as he ran, one leg of his trousers began to unroll. But there was no time to stop.

Molly Cottontail had the advantage, but Jerusalem Artie's eyes were sharp, and Molly's white flag led him on. Molly slid beneath the tangled brush, and Jerusalem Artie made desperate leaps above it, each leap marked by a flying trouser leg.

Suddenly Molly doubled on her tracks, for her pursuer was close at hand. Jerusalem Artie attempted to do the same, but his free foot became entangled with the elongated leg, and down went Jerusalem Artie—squarely on top of Molly Cottontail.

It pretty well knocked the breath out of both of them, but Jerusalem Artie recovered first, naturally, for he was on top.

"Chris'mus pie! Chris'mus pie!" he squealed, as he wriggled one hand cautiously beneath him and got a good firm hold of Molly's long ears. Then carefully he got upon his feet.

The rabbit hung limp from his hand. "Knocked yo' breaf' clean out fo' suah!" he exclaimed, surveying his prize.



Then slowly he made his way to the road, for the chase had taken him some distance from the cabin, and the dragging trouser leg made walking difficult.

Reaching the roadside, he held aloft the still limp rabbit, surveying it with a grin of satisfaction.

"Reckon she's done fo' as suah as I's a niggah chile," he soliloquized; and laying his Christmas dinner on the grass beside him, he proceeded to roll up the entangling trouser leg.

While he was in the midst of this occupation there was a startling "honk, honk," close at hand and a big red motor car flashed into sight.

The sudden noise startled Jerusalem Artie. It also startled Molly Cottontail. Her limp, and apparently lifeless, body gathered itself, leaped, and cleared the roadway, barely escaping the wheels of the big red motor car as it flashed by.

Jerusalem Artie rose to his feet, the trouser leg half rolled, and shrieked: "M' Chris'mus dinnah! M' Chris'mus dinnah!" for Molly Cottontail had disappeared.

As he stood looking helplessly after the offending cause of his loss, a man in the back seat turned, laughed, and, leaning over the side of the car, threw something bright and shining back into the road.

Jerusalem Artie pounced upon the spot, dug with his disentangled toes in the dust, and brought to view a silver half-dollar.

"Chris'mus dinnah yit," he exclaimed, "as suah as I'se a niggah chile!"

Then, with the half-dollar held hard between his teeth, he finished rolling up the leg of his trousers.



"Mammy," he cried, a moment later, as, dusty and breathless, he reappeared in the cabin doorway, "see what-all I foun' in de road."

And Mammy's look of dark suspicion faded as Jerusalem Artie recounted his brief and tragic adventure with Molly Cottontail.

"Yo-all's a honey chile," said Mammy, when he had concluded; "an' we-all's a-gwine right now an' git a plumb fat chickun."

The next day, as Mammy cleared away the remains of the Christmas dinner, she said: "Now, chile, yo' c'n tote dese yere chickun bones out on de do'-step an' gnaw 'em clean. An', Jerus'lem Artie, yo' pappy say yo' c'n cut off de laigs o' dem pants, an' hab 'em fo' yo'self."





## MURDOCH'S RATH<sup>1</sup>

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

THERE was not a nicer boy in all Ireland than Pat, and clever at his trade, too, if only he'd had one.

But from his cradle he learned nothing (small blame to him with no one to teach him!), so when he came to years of discretion, he earned his living by running messages for his neighbors; and Pat could always be trusted to make the best of a bad bargain, and bring back all the change, for he was the soul of honesty and good nature.

It's no wonder then that he was beloved by everyone, and got as much work as he could do, and if the pay had but fitted the work he'd have been mighty comfortable; but as it was, what he got wouldn't have kept him in shoe leather but for making both ends meet by wearing his shoes in his pocket, except when he was in the town, and obliged to look genteel for the credit of the place he came from.

Well, all was going on as peaceable as could be till one market-day, when business (or it may have been pleasure) detained him till the heel of the evening, and by nightfall, when he began to make the road short in good earnest, he was so flustered, rehearsing his messages to make sure he'd forgotten nothing, that he never bethought him to leave off his brogues, but tramped

<sup>1</sup>A rath is a kind of moat-surrounded spot much favored by Irish fairies. The ditch is generally overgrown with furze bushes.

From *Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales*. Boston: Little Brown & Company.

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on just as if shoe leather were made to be knocked to bits on the king's highway.

And this was what he was after saying:

"A dozen hanks of gray yarn for Mistress Murphy."

"Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor."

"Half an ounce of throat drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of snuff for his housekeeper," and so on.

For these were what he went to the town to fetch, and he was afraid lest one of the lot might have slipped his memory.

Now everybody knows there are two ways home from the town; and that's not meaning the right way and the wrong way, which my grandmother (rest her soul!) said there was to every place but one that it's not genteel to name. (There could only be a wrong way *there*, she said.) The two ways home from the town were the highway and the way by Murdoch's Rath.

Murdoch's Rath was a pleasant enough spot in the daytime, but not many persons cared to go by it when the sun was down. And in all the years Pat was going backwards and forwards, he never once came home except by the highroad till this unlucky evening, when, just at the place where the two roads part, he got, as one may say, into a sort of confusion.

"Halt!" says he to himself (for his own uncle had been a soldier, and Pat knew the word of command). "The left-hand turn is the right one," says he, and he was going down the highroad as straight as he could go, when suddenly he bethought himself. "And what am I doing?" he says. "This was my left hand going to town, and how in the name of fortune could it be my left going back, considering that I've turned round? It's





well that I looked into it in time." And with that he went off as fast down the other road as he had started down this.

But how far he walked he never could tell, before all of a sudden the moon shone out as bright as day, and Pat found himself in Murdoch's Rath.

And this was the smallest part of the wonder; for the Rath was full of fairies.

When Pat got in they were dancing round and round till his feet tingled to look at them, being a good dancer himself. And as he sat on the side of the Rath and snapped his fingers to mark the time, the dancing stopped, and a little man comes up, in a black hat and a green coat, with white stockings, and red shoes on his feet.

"Won't you take a turn with us, Pat?" says he, bowing till he nearly touched the ground. And, indeed, he had not far to go, for he was barely two feet high.

"Don't say it twice, sir," says Pat. "It's myself will be proud to foot the floor wid ye"; and before you could look round, he had followed the little man, and there was Pat in the circle dancing away for bare life.

At first his feet felt like feathers for lightness, and it seemed as if he could have gone on forever. But at last he grew tired, and would have liked to stop, but the fairies would not, and so they danced on and on. Pat tried to think of something good to say, that he might free himself from the spell, but all he could think of was to say over and over:



"A dozen hanks of gray yarn for Missis Murphy."

"Three gross of bright buttons for the tailor."

"Half an ounce of throat drops for Father Andrew, and an ounce of snuff for his housekeeper," and so on.

And it seemed to Pat that the moon was on the one side of the Rath when they began to dance, and on the other side when they left off; but he could not be sure after all that going round. One thing was plain enough. He danced every bit of leather off the soles of his feet, and they were blistered so that he could hardly stand; but all the little folk did was to stand and hold their sides with laughing at him.

At last the one who spoke before stepped up to him, and—



"Don't break your heart about it, Pat," says he; "I'll lend you my own shoes till the morning, for you seem to be a good-natured sort of a boy."

Well, Pat looked at the fairy man's shoes, that were the size of a baby's, and he looked at his own feet; but not wishing to be uncivil, "Thank ye kindly, sir," says he. "And if your honor'll be good enough to put them on for me, maybe you won't spoil the shape." For he thought to himself, "Small blame to me if the little gentleman can't get them to fit."

With that he sat down on the side of the Rath, and the fairy man put on the shoes for him, and no sooner did they touch Pat's feet than they became altogether a convenient size, and fitted him like wax. And, more than that, when he stood up, he didn't feel his blisters at all.

"Bring 'em back to the Rath at sunrise, Pat, my boy," says the little man.

And as Pat was climbing over the ditch, "Look round, Pat," says he. And when Pat looked round, there were jewels and pearls lying at the roots of the furze bushes on the ditch, as thick as peas.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye, Pat?" says the fairy man.

"Did I ever learn manners?" says Pat. "Would you have me help myself before company? I'll take what your honor pleases to give me, and be thankful."

The fairy man picked a lot of yellow furze blossoms from the bushes, and filled Pat's pockets.

"Keep 'em for love, Pat, me darlin'," says he.

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Pat would have liked some of the jewels, but he put the furze blossoms by for love.

"Good evening to your honor," says he.

"And where are you going, Pat, dear?" says the fairy man.

"I'm going home," says Pat. And if the fairy man didn't know where that was, small blame to him.

"Just let me dust them shoes for ye, Pat," says the fairy man. And as Pat lifted up each foot he breathed on it, and dusted it with the tail of his green coat.

"Home!" says he, and when he let go, Pat was at his own doorstep before he could look round, and his parcels safe and sound with him.

Next morning he was up with the sun, and carried the fairy man's shoes back to the Rath. As he came up, the little man looked over the ditch.

"The top of the morning to your honor," says Pat; "here's your shoes."

"You're an honest boy, Pat," says the little gentleman. "It's inconvenienced I am without them for I have but the one pair. Have you looked at the yellow flowers this morning?" he says.

"I have not, sir," says Pat; "I'd be loath to deceive you. I came off as soon as I was up."

"Be sure to look when you get back, Pat," says the fairy man, "and good luck to ye."

With which he disappeared, and Pat went home. He looked for the furze blossoms, as the fairy man told him, and there's not a word of truth in this tale if they weren't all pure gold pieces. Great, shining round pieces of gold they were.



Well, now Pat was so rich he went to the shoemaker to order another pair of brogues, and being a kindly, gossiping boy, the shoemaker soon learned the whole story of the fairy man and the Rath. And this so stirred up the shoemaker's greed that he resolved to go the next night himself, to see if he could not dance with the fairies and have like luck.

He found his way to the Rath all correct, and sure enough the fairies were dancing, and they asked him to join. He danced the soles off his brogues, as Pat did, and the fairy man lent him his shoes, and sent him home in a twinkling.

As he was going over the ditch, he looked round, and saw the roots of the furze bushes glowing with precious stones as if they had been glowworms.

"Will you help yourself, or take what's given ye?" said the fairy man.

"I'll help myself, if you please," said the cobbler, for he thought—"If I can't get more than Pat brought home, my fingers must all be thumbs."

So he drove his hand into the bushes, and if he didn't get plenty, it wasn't for want of grasping.

When he got up in the morning, he went straight to the jewels. But not a stone of the lot was more precious than roadside pebbles. "I ought not to look till I come from the Rath," said he. "It's best to do like Pat all through."

But he made up his mind not to return the fairy man's shoes.

"Who knows the virtue that's in them?" he said. So he made a small pair of red leather shoes, as like them as could be, and he blacked the others upon his feet, that the fairies might not



know them, and at sunrise he went to the Rath.

The fairy man was looking over the ditch, as before.

"Good morning to you," said he.

"The top of the morning to you, sir," said the cobbler; "here's your shoes." And he handed him the pair that he had made, with a face as grave as a judge.

The fairy man looked at them, but he said nothing, though he did not put them on.

"Have you looked at the things you got last night?" says he.

"I'll not deceive you, sir," says the cobbler. "I came off as



soon as I was up. Sorra peep I took at them before I left."

"Be sure to look when you get back," says the fairy man. And just as the cobbler was getting over the ditch to go home, he says, "If my eyes don't deceive me," says he, "there's the least taste in life of dirt on your left shoe. Let me dust it with the tail of my coat."

"That means home in a twinkling," thought the cobbler, and he held up his foot.

The fairy man dusted it, and muttered something the cobbler did not hear. Then, "Sure," says he, "it's the dirty pastures that you've come through, for the other shoe's as bad."

So the cobbler held up his right foot, and the fairy man rubbed that with the tail of his green coat.

When all was done, the cobbler's feet seemed to tingle, and then to itch, and then to smart, and then to burn. And at last he began to dance, and he danced all round the Rath (the fairy man laughing and holding his sides), and then round and round again. And he danced till he cried out with weariness and tried to shake the shoes off. But they stuck fast, and the fairies drove him over the ditch, and through the prickly furze bushes, and he danced away. Where he danced to, I cannot tell you. Whether he ever got rid of the fairy shoes, I do not know. The jewels never were more than wayside pebbles, and they were swept out when his cabin was cleaned, which was not too soon, you may be sure.

All this happened long ago; but there are those who say that the covetous cobbler dances still, between sunset and sunrise, round and round about Murdoch's Rath.

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JACK JACKDAW

W. H. HUDSON



MY NEIGHBOR, Mr. Redburn, owned a jackdaw, a charming fellow, full of fun, with uncut wings, so that he was free to go and come as he pleased; but he was a home-loving bird, very affectionate, though loving mischief too, and never happier than when his kind master allowed him to use his head as a perch.

One day, when Mr. Redburn was busy in his study, his little daughter aged seven came crying to him to complain that Jack was plaguing her so! He wanted to pull the buttons off her shoes, and because she wouldn't let him he pecked her ankles, and it hurt her so and made her cry. He gave her his stick and told her, with a laugh, to give Jack a good smart rap on the head with it, and that would make him behave himself. He never for a moment imagined that such a clever quick bird as Jack would allow himself to be struck by a little girl with a long walking stick. Nevertheless this incredible thing happened, and the stick actually came down on Jack's head; the child screamed and, running to her, he found her crying, and Jack lying to all appearance dead on the floor! They took him up tenderly and examined him, and said he was really and truly dead, and then tenderly, sorrowfully, put him down again. All at once, to their surprise and delight, he opened his mischievous little gray eyes and looked at his friends standing over him.

From *The Disappointed Squirrel*, by W. H. Hudson. Copyright 1925, Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., New York.





Then he got up on his legs and began rocking his head from side to side, after which he shook his feathers two or three times, then tried to scratch his head with his claw, but didn't succeed. He was in a queer state, and didn't know what had happened to him; but he soon recovered, and was just as fond of his little playmate as ever, although he never again tried to pull her buttons off nor

did he again attempt to peck her ankles.

Some time after this Jack disappeared for a day or two, and was brought back by a boy of the village, who was warmly thanked and rewarded with a few pennies. From that day every little boy who was so lucky as to find Jack out of bounds, and could catch him, expected a reward on taking him to the house; and as the little boys were all very poor and hungry for sweets, they were always on the lookout for Jack, and went about with something in their ragged little pockets to try to get him into their cottages. Every day Jack was lost and found again, until good Mr. Redburn, who was not rich, decided that he could not afford to keep so expensive a pet; and so Jack was given to a gentleman who had a pet daw of his own and wanted another. In his new home he had nice large grounds with big trees, and Jack with a chum of his own tribe was very happy until his end.

## To Enchanted Lands

### APRIL'S ORDER

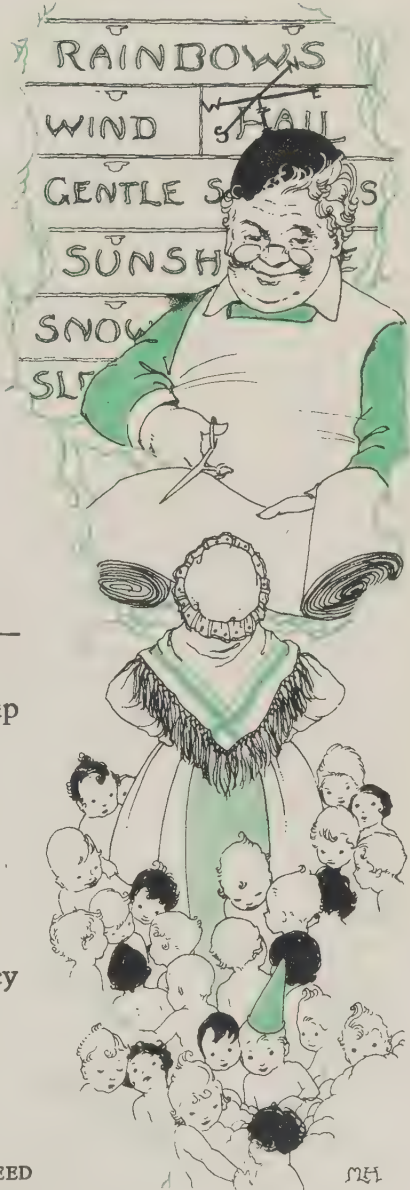
SAID little Madam April  
To the mighty Weather Man:  
"I'd like to have you send me  
As promptly as you can  
A million yards of bluest sky,  
A box of gentle showers,  
(And please omit the Winter frost  
That bites the little flowers);

"I want a lot of sunshine  
I can sprinkle all around.  
It makes the people happy  
And fixes up the ground  
Where I shall start a million seeds—  
The garden kind, you know—  
And Summertime will bring them up  
The way they ought to go.

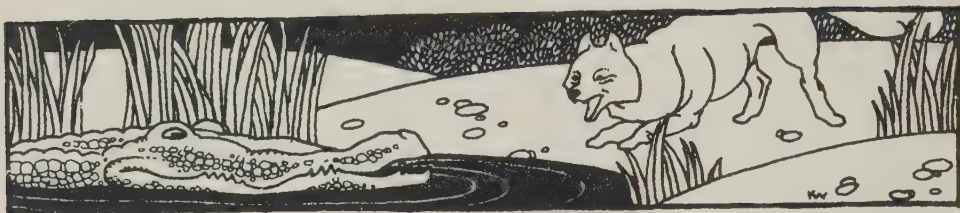
"I've thirty April children  
That I'll pay you with this year;  
They're not exactly perfect,  
But much admired, I hear.  
Although they're temperamental, they  
Are pleasing, as a rule,  
And out of thirty children there  
Is only one—a Fool."

NAN TERRELL REED

From *Verse*. Copyright New York Times. By permission of the author.







## THE ALLIGATOR AND THE JACKAL

MARY FRERE

A HUNGRY Jackal once went down to the riverside in search of little crabs, bits of fish, and whatever else he could find for his dinner. Now it chanced that in this river there lived a great big Alligator, who, being also very hungry, would have been extremely glad to eat the Jackal.

The Jackal ran up and down, here and there, but for a long time could find nothing to eat. At last, close to where the Alligator was lying among some tall bulrushes under the clear shallow water, he saw a little crab sidling along as fast as his legs could carry him. The Jackal was so hungry that when he saw this, he poked his paw into the water to try and catch the crab, when SNAP! the old Alligator caught hold of him. "Oh dear!" thought the Jackal to himself, "What can I do? This great big Alligator has caught my paw in his mouth, and in another minute he will drag me down by it under the water and kill me. My only chance is to make him think he has made a mistake." So he called out in a cheerful voice, "Clever Alligator, clever Alligator, to catch hold of a bulrush root instead of my paw! I hope you find it very tender." The Alligator, who was so buried among the bulrushes that he could hardly

*From Old Deccan Days.*

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see, thought, on hearing this, "Dear me, how tiresome! I fancied I had caught hold of the Jackal's paw; but there he is, calling out in a cheerful voice; I suppose I must have seized a bulrush root instead, as he says." And he let the Jackal go.

The Jackal ran away as fast as he could, crying, "O wise Alligator, wise Alligator! So you let me go again!" Then the Alligator was very vexed, but the Jackal had run away too far to be caught. Next day the Jackal returned to the riverside to get his dinner, as before; but because he was very much afraid of the Alligator, he called out, "Whenever I go to look for my dinner, I see the nice little crabs peeping up through the mud; then I catch them and eat them. I wish I could see one now."

The Alligator, who was buried in the mud at the bottom of the river, heard every word. So he popped the little point of his snout above the water, thinking, "If I do but just show the tip of my nose, the Jackal will take me for a crab and put in his paw to catch me, and as soon as ever he does I'll gobble him up."

But no sooner did the Jackal see the little tip of the Alligator's nose than he called out, "Aha, my friend, there you are! No dinner for me in this part of the river then, I think." And so saying he ran farther on, and fished for his dinner a long way from that place. The Alligator was very angry at missing his prey a second time, and determined not to let him escape again.

So, on the following day when his little tormentor returned to the waterside, the Alligator hid himself close to the bank in order to catch him if he could. Now the Jackal was rather afraid of going near the river, for he thought, "Perhaps this



Alligator will catch me today." But yet, being hungry, he did not wish to go without his dinner; so to make all as safe as he could, he cried, "Where are all the little crabs gone? There is not one here, and I am so hungry; and generally, even when they are under water, one can see them going bubble, bubble, bubble, bubble, and all the little bubbles go pop! pop! pop! pop!"

On hearing this the Alligator, who was buried in the mud under the river bank, thought, "I will pretend to be a little crab." And he began to blow, "Puff, puff, puff! Bubble, bubble, bubble!" and all the great big bubbles rushed to the surface of the river and burst there; and the waters eddied round and round like a whirlpool; and there was such a commotion when the huge monster began to blow bubbles in this way, that the Jackal saw very well who must be there, and he ran away as fast as he could, saying, "Thank you, kind Alligator, thank you; thank you. Indeed, I would not have come here had I known you were so close."

This enraged the Alligator extremely; it made him quite cross to think of being so often deceived by a little Jackal, and he said to himself, "I will be taken in no more. Next time I will be very cunning." So for a long time he waited and waited for the Jackal to return to the riverside; but the Jackal did not come, for he had thought to himself, "If matters go on in this way, I shall some day be caught and eaten by the wicked old Alligator. I had better content myself with living on wild figs," and he went no more near the river, but stayed in the jungles and ate wild figs, and roots which he dug up.



When the Alligator found this out, he determined to try and catch the Jackal on land; so, going under the largest of the wild fig trees, where the ground was covered with the fallen fruit, he collected a quantity of it together, and, burying himself under the great heap, waited for the Jackal to appear. But no sooner did the Jackal see this great heap of wild figs all collected together, than he thought, "That looks very like my friend the Alligator." And to discover if it was so or not he called out, "The juicy little wild figs I love to eat always tumble down from the tree, and roll here and there as the wind drives them; but this great heap of figs is quite still; these cannot be good figs, I will not eat any of them." "Ho-ho!" thought the Alligator, "is that all? How suspicious this Jackal is! I will make the figs roll about a little then, and when he sees that he will doubtless come and eat them."



So the great beast shook himself, and all the heap of little figs went roll, roll, roll; some a mile this way, some a mile that, farther than they had ever rolled before or than the most blustering wind could have driven them!

Seeing this the Jackal scampered away, saying, "I am so much obliged to you, Alligator, for letting me know you are there, for indeed I should hardly have guessed it. You were so buried under that heap of figs." The Alligator hearing this was so angry that he ran after the Jackal, but the latter ran very, very fast away, too quickly to be caught.

Then the Alligator said to himself, "I will not allow that little wretch to make fun of me another time, and then run away out of reach; I will show him that I can be more cunning than he fancies." And early the next morning he crawled as fast as he could to the Jackal's den (which was a hole in the side of a hill) and crept into it, and hid himself, waiting for the Jackal, who was out, to return home. But when the Jackal got near the place he looked about him and thought, "Dear me, the ground looks as if some heavy creature had been walking over it, and here are great clods of earth knocked down from each side of the door of my den as if a very big animal had been trying to squeeze himself through it. I certainly will not go inside until I know that all is safe there." So he called out, "Little house, pretty house, my sweet little house, why do you not give an answer when I call? If I come, and all is safe and right, you always call out to me. Is anything wrong, that you do not speak?"

Then the Alligator, who was inside, thought, "If that is the

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case I had better call out, that he may fancy all is right in his house." And in as gentle a voice as he could, he said, "Sweet little Jackal."

At hearing these words the Jackal felt quite frightened, and thought to himself, "So the dreadful old Alligator is there! I must try to kill him if I can, for if I do not he will certainly catch and kill me some day." He therefore answered, "Thank you, my dear little house. I like to hear your pretty voice. I am coming in in a minute, but first I must collect firewood to cook my dinner." And he ran as fast as he could, and dragged all the dry branches and bits of stick he could find close up to the mouth of the den. Meantime the Alligator inside kept as quiet as a mouse, but he could not help laughing a little to himself as he thought, "So I have deceived this tiresome little Jackal at last. In a few minutes he will run in here, and then won't I snap him up!" When the Jackal had gathered together all the sticks he could find, and put them round the mouth of his den, he set them alight and pushed them as far into it as possible. There was such a quantity of them that they soon blazed up into a great fire, and the smoke and flames filled the den and smothered the wicked old Alligator, and burnt him to death, while the little Jackal ran up and down outside, dancing for joy and singing—

"How do you like my house, my friend? Is it nice and warm? Ding, dong! ding, dong! Is it nice and warm? Ding, dong! ding, dong!"

"He will trouble me no more. I have defeated my enemy! Ring a ting! ding a ting! ding, ding, dong!"





## YET GENTLE WILL THE GRIFFIN BE

*What Grandpa Told the Children*

THE moon? It is a griffin's egg,  
Hatching tomorrow night.  
And how the little boys will watch  
With shouting and delight  
To see him break the shell and stretch  
And creep across the sky.  
The boys will laugh. The little girls,  
I fear, may hide and cry.  
Yet gentle will the griffin be,  
Most decorous and fat,  
And walk up to the Milky Way :  
And lap it like a cat.

VACHEL LINDSAY

From *Collected Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York.



## THE WATER CARNIVAL

**H**ERE they come, down the home stretch!  
“Come on, Number One, come on! No fair, Number Two. You are using your wings! Rule him out, judge, he’s not running fair!”

This is no ordinary swimming meet with a gay, noisy crowd urging the racers on. No, this is a water carnival on the old mill pond and just now two water striders, their hairy feet supporting them upon the surface of the water, are darting

toward the goal line. One uses his wings to get ahead faster. The judges will surely rule him out, for his opponent is wingless.

There are the judges: two giant water bugs. One of them is busy lunching on a snail but the other—is he swimming out to tell the flying water strider what he thinks of his unsportsman-like behavior?

And here is another event starting. The back swimmer has challenged a water boatman, and they are off in a mad race across the pond. There they go under water; you can follow them by the silvery shine of little air bubbles that cling to them. Now they are on the surface again with the back swimmer a length ahead.

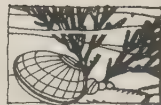
Scarcely is this race over when the judges call for the water police to clear the pond of bits of weed and tiny insects that block the course, and at once a corps of scavenger beetles is at work. It takes no time for them to clear the pond for the famous Beetle Brothers Act. While brother Diving Beetle gives an exhibition of fancy diving, his brother Whirligig, in blue-black costume, plays the clown, spinning round and round at a pace that makes it hard for folk with only two eyes to follow him. Of course, Whirligig is luckier than we, for his eyes are divided so that he has really four eyes, one pair to see above the water and a pair to search beneath the surface.

Why, what has happened? They are all scattering as if—yes, there he comes, the big mud turtle, cutting through the pond like a big sea-going tug. Not that he would care to eat anything as tough as Whirligig and his brother, but they are taking no chances. The swimming meet is over.





## THE CASTLE UNDER THE SEA<sup>1</sup>



IN THE sunny land of France, in ages past, there lived a lovely princess, who was as good as she was beautiful, which is a way of saying that she was very good indeed. Nevertheless she managed somehow to annoy the evil sea spirits and, in revenge, they drew her and her castle beneath the sea. There she had to live until some brave man should rescue her, and many seasons went by without anyone attempting this adventure.

Nor was this great wonder, since only on St. John's Eve did the waters part and leave a free road to the castle. At the first stroke of midnight the waters rolled back and anyone who could reach the castle while the clock was striking and gain possession of a magic ring hidden somewhere within its walls would not only gain great fortune, but also save both the princess and her castle. But should the hardy adventurer fail to discover the ring before the last stroke of midnight, the returning waves would engulf him and never again would he see the light of day.

Some few brave knights tried the rescue of the fair princess but none of them returned to tell what they saw beneath the green waters. At last the story of the princess beneath the sea seemed but a legend and no man would risk his life to obtain her release.

Now in that land lived an old knight who had fallen on evil days. All that remained to him was one bit of poor land, on which he could raise barely enough to feed his wife and son,

Recounted from a French legend by J. M. Comault, quoted in Sebillot's *Le Folk-lore de France*.

and a tiny hut, scarce large enough to shelter them. The boy did his best to help his father but despite all he could contrive to do they grew poorer and poorer.

One night, as they sat about the fire in their hut, the old knight happened to tell the tale of the princess who lived beneath the sea.

"Is that tale really true, father?" asked the lad.

"I do not know, my son," answered the old knight. "But perhaps if we were at the sea we might watch on St. John's Eve and see whether or no the waves part, as the legend says."

Although the lad knew his father was making sport of him, he could not get the tale of the undersea castle out of his mind, for he thought that if he could but find the magic ring, his parents could live in comfort for the remainder of their lives. As St. John's Eve approached he realized that he would never be at peace until he had tested the truth of the tale.

When the night came at last, the lad slipped away and hurried to the sea many miles from his home. Although it was a long distance he managed to reach the shore just as the clock gave the first stroke of midnight. At once the waves rolled apart at his very feet, making a broad path between two tall walls of green water and, at the far end, there stood the great castle illumined by a thousand lights. On a balcony stood the lovely princess, her hands stretched out in supplication for the aid which she had awaited so many weary years.

Almost before he had seen all this the lad was running down the pathway and at the sixth ring of the bell he crossed the entrance step of the castle. To him came the voice of the

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princess imploring his aid, but he stopped not to speak with her for her safety as well as his own depended upon his finding the ring.

Into the great hall he ran, but no ring was there. Wondering which way to turn, he caught the faint sound of the seventh clang of the great bell. There was no time to waste! Into the room on his right dashed the youth. The great table was set for a banquet but the sideboard was bare and no ring could he



find. "Eight!" chimed the bell, as he turned and made his way to the room beyond.

He found himself in the kitchen. Surely no ring would be hid there, and he retraced his steps as the echo of the ninth sounding of the bell floated to his ears. Across the great hall he made his way to a large book-lined room, and here he lingered, hoping to find the desired treasure hidden in some nook. "Ten!" sang the bell, and then, just as he gave up hope and started to save himself by flight, "Eleven!" threatened the bell. But instead of reaching the great hall and making his escape, the lad noticed a door that he had overlooked before.

"Rather perish in a brave attempt than give up," he thought, and flung open the door. Just then, "Twelve!" boomed the bell, triumphant. But even as it sounded, the lad had dashed forward and grasped a brilliantly shining ring that lay upon a silken cushion in the middle of a great table within the room.

Lifting this ring high, he dashed toward the entrance. The great walls of water had begun to close in upon the castle again, but the lad waved his ring aloft, shouting, "Back! Back, I command you!" And the waters fell back.

Then came the sounds of terrible growls and screams as the wild sea spirits dashed upon him and would have overcome him, had he not waved the ring in their faces so that they were forced to their knees. Nor would he let them depart until they had conveyed the castle and all it contained far up on the shore beyond the reach of the highest tide.

Not until then had the lad dared think of the princess, but once the castle was safely upon land again, he sought the fair chate-

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laine of the domain. He found her in the room where he had discovered the ring, and together they went about the castle, where she was happy to find all her old servitors safe and sound, just as they had been before the castle had been dragged into the sea. The lad then told her of his parents and how he had ventured between the walls of water for their sakes as well as to rescue the princess.

"Then let us hasten to your parents and bring them here where they may live in comfort," counseled the princess, "and perhaps they will take me for their daughter since I have no living parents of my own."

The lad was only too glad to follow her advice, and together they made their way to the home of the knight and his wife, reaching there just at sunup. The old woman, who had risen early and gone to wake her son was greatly worried to find his bed had not been slept in. She flung open the door to see if he was in the field, when suddenly, framed by the rosy rays of the rising sun, she saw her boy approaching, hand in hand with the loveliest maiden it had ever been her lot to gaze upon.

She called her husband and together they went forth to meet their boy and his bride, for they were overjoyed to welcome her as their daughter. Before the day had passed they were all at home in the castle, and that night the wedding was celebrated with great joy and pomp.

And if you do not believe this tale, just travel to St. Michel and you will see there the chapel that the lad and his wife and his parents built in thanksgiving because the castle was brought from under the sea on that St. John's Eve, long ago.



## THE FEAST OF LANTERNS<sup>1</sup>

[Both Japan and China celebrate the Feast of Lanterns. In Japan it is a great Buddhist festival, held in July, when the spirits of ancestors are supposed to revisit household altars. China celebrates two of these festivals. The *Shang-yüan-chieh* comes at the end of the New Year celebration in the first month. The *Chung-yüan-chieh* (Feast of Lanterns), in the seventh month, corresponds to the Japanese feast. With this fête our story deals.]

WANG CHIH was only a poor man, but he had a wife and children to love, and they made him so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor himself.

He worked in the fields all day, and at night his wife always had a bowl of rice ready for his supper. And sometimes, for a

<sup>1</sup>The Chinese version of Rip Van Winkle.

From *Books for the Bairns*, by W. T. Stead. By permission of Ernest Benn, Ltd., London, England.



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treat, she made him some bean soup, or gave him a little dish of fried pork.

But they could not afford pork very often; he generally had to be content with rice.

One morning, as he was setting off to his work, his wife sent Han Chung, his son, running after him to ask him to bring home some firewood.

"I shall have to go up into the mountain for it at noon," he said. "Go and bring me my ax, Han Chung."

Han Chung ran for his father's ax, and Ho-Seen-Ko, his little sister, came out of the cottage with him.

"Remember it is the Feast of Lanterns tonight, father," she said. "Don't fall asleep up on the mountain; we want you to come back and light them for us."

She had a lantern in the shape of a fish, painted red and black and yellow, and Han Chung had a big round one, all bright crimson, to carry in the procession; and, besides that, there were two large lanterns to be hung outside the cottage door as soon as it grew dark.

Wang Chih was not likely to forget the Feast of Lanterns, for the children had talked of nothing else for a month, and he promised to come home as early as he could.

At noontide, when his fellow-laborers gave up working and sat down to rest and eat, Wang Chih took his ax and went up the mountain to find a small tree he might cut down for fuel.

He walked a long way, and at last saw one growing at the mouth of a cave.

"This will be just the thing," he said to himself. But before

striking the first blow he peeped into the cave to see if it were empty.

To his surprise, two old men, with long, white beards, were sitting inside playing chess, as quietly as mice, with their eyes fixed on the chessboard.

Wang Chih knew something of chess, and he stepped in and watched them for a few minutes.

"As soon as they look up I can ask them if I may chop down a tree," he said to himself. But they did not look up, and by and by Wang Chih got so interested in the game that he put down his ax and sat on the floor to watch it better.

The two old men sat cross-legged on the ground, and the chessboard rested on a slab, like a stone table, between them.

On one corner of the slab lay a heap of small, brown objects which Wang Chih took at first to be date stones; but after a time the chess players ate one each, and put one in Wang Chih's mouth, and he found it was not a date stone at all.

It was a delicious kind of sweetmeat, the like of which he had never tasted before; and the strangest thing about it was that it took his hunger and thirst away.

He had been both hungry and thirsty when he came into the cave, as he had not waited to have his midday meal with the other field workers; but now he felt quite comforted and refreshed.

He sat there some time longer, and noticed that as the old men frowned over the chessboard their beards grew longer and longer, until they swept the floor of the cave, and even found their way out of the door of the cave.

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"I hope my beard will never grow as quickly," said Wang Chih, as he rose and took up his ax again.

Then one of the old men spoke for the first time. "Our beards have not grown quickly, young man. How long is it since you came here?"

"About half an hour, I dare say," replied Wang Chih. But as he spoke, the ax crumbled to dust beneath his fingers, and the second chess player laughed and pointed to the little brown sweetmeats on the table.

"Half an hour or half a century—aye, half a thousand years, are all alike to him who tastes of these. Go down into your village and see what has happened since you left it."

So Wang Chih went down as quickly as he could from the mountain, and found the fields where he had worked covered with houses, and a busy town where his own little village had been. In vain he looked for his house, his wife, and his children.

There were strange faces everywhere; and although when evening came the Feast of Lanterns was being held once more, there was no Ho-Seen-Ko carrying her red and yellow fish, or Han Chung with his flaming red ball.

At last he found a woman, a very, very old woman, who told him that when she was a tiny girl she remembered her grandmother saying how, when *she* was a tiny girl, a poor young man had been spirited away by the genii of the mountains, on the day of the Feast of Lanterns, leaving his wife and little children with only a few handfuls of rice in the house.

"Moreover, if you wait while the procession passes, you will see two children dressed to represent Han Chung and Ho-



Seen-Ko, and their mother carrying the empty rice bowl between them; for this is done every year to remind people to take care of the widow and fatherless," she said. So Wang Chih waited in the street, and in a little while the procession came to an end; and the last three figures in it were a boy and girl, dressed like his own two children, walking on either side of a young woman carrying a rice bowl. But she was not like his wife in anything but her dress, and the children were not at all like Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko; and poor Wang Chih's heart was very heavy as he walked away out of the town.

He slept out on the mountain, and early in the morning found his way back to the cave where the two old men were playing chess.

At first they said they could do nothing for him, and told him to go away and not disturb them; but Wang Chih would not go, and they soon found the only way to get rid of him was to give him some really good advice.

"You must go to the White Hare of the Moon and ask him for a bottle of the elixir of life. If you drink that you will live forever," said one of them.

"But I don't want to live forever," objected Wang Chih. "I wish to go back and live in the days when my wife and children were here."

"Ah, well! For that you must mix the elixir of life with some water out of the sky-dragon's mouth."

"And where is the sky-dragon found?" inquired Wang Chih.

"In the sky, of course. You really ask very stupid questions. He lives in a cloud cave. And when he comes out of it he

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breathes fire and sometimes water. If he is breathing fire you will be burnt up, but if it is only water, you will easily be able to catch some in a little bottle. What else do you want?"

For Wang Chih still lingered at the mouth of the cave.

"I want a pair of wings to fly with and a bottle to catch the water in," he replied boldly.

So they gave him a little bottle; and before he had time to say "Thank you!" a white crane came sailing past, and lighted on the ground close to the cave.

"The crane will take you wherever you like," said the old men. "Go now, and leave us in peace."

So Wang Chih sat on the white crane's back and was taken up, and up, and up through the sky to the cloud cave where the sky-dragon lived. And the dragon had the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, and the claws of a hawk.

Besides this, he had whiskers and a beard, and in his beard was a bright pearl.

All these things show that he was a real, genuine dragon, and if you ever meet a dragon who is not exactly like this, you will know he is only a make-believe one.

Wang Chih felt rather frightened when he perceived the cave in the distance, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his wife again, and his little boy and girl, he would have been glad to turn back.

While he was far away the cloud cave looked like a dark hole in the midst of a soft, white, woolly mass, such as one sees in the sky on an April day; but as he came nearer he found the

cloud was as hard as a rock, and covered with a kind of dry, white grass.

When he got there, he sat down on a tuft of grass near the cave, and considered what he should do next.

The first thing was, of course, to bring the dragon out, and the next to make him breathe water instead of fire.

"I have it!" cried Wang Chih at last; and he nodded his head so many times that the white crane expected to see it fall off.

He struck a light and set the grass on fire, and it was so dry that the flames spread all around the entrance to the cave, and made such a smoke and crackling that the sky-dragon put his head out to see what was the matter.

"Ho! ho!" cried the dragon, when he saw what Wang Chih had done. "I can soon put this to rights." And he breathed once, and the water came out his nose and mouth in three streams.

But this was not enough to put the fire out. Then he breathed twice, and the water came out in three mighty rivers, and Wang Chih, who had taken care to fill his bottle when the first stream began to flow, sailed away on the white crane's back as fast as he could, to escape being drowned.

The rivers poured over the cloud rock, until there was not a spark left alight, and rushed down through the sky into the sea.

Fortunately, the sea lay right underneath the dragon's cave, or he would have done some nice mischief. As it was, the people on the coast looked out across the water toward Japan, and saw three black clouds stretching from the sky into the sea.



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"My word! There is a fine rain storm out at sea!" they said.

But, of course, it was nothing of the kind; it was only the sky-dragon putting out the fire Wang Chih had kindled.

Meanwhile, Wang Chih was on his way to the moon, and when he got there he went straight to the hut where the Hare of the Moon lived and knocked at the door.

The Hare was busy pounding the drugs which made up the elixir of life; but he left his work and opened the door and invited Wang Chih to come in.

He was not ugly, like the dragon; his fur was quite white and soft and glossy, and he had lovely, gentle brown eyes.

The Hare of the Moon lives a thousand years, as you know, and when he is five hundred years old he changes his color from brown to white and becomes, if possible, better tempered and nicer than he was before.

As soon as he heard what Wang Chih wanted, he opened two windows at the back of the hut, and told him to look through each of them in turn.

"Tell me what you see," said the Hare, going back to the table where he was pounding the drugs.

"I can see a great many houses and people," said Wang Chih, "and streets—why, this is the town I was in yesterday, the one which has taken the place of my old village."

Wang Chih stared, and grew more and more puzzled. Here he was up in the moon, and yet he could have thrown a stone into the busy street of the Chinese town below his window.

"How does it come here?" he stammered, at last.

"Oh, that is my secret," replied the wise old Hare. "I can do

many things that would surprise you. But the question is, do you want to go back there?" Wang Chih shook his head.

"Then close the window. It is the window of the Present. And look through the other, which is the window of the Past."

Wang Chih obeyed, and through this window he saw his own little village, and his wife, and Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko jumping about her as she hung up the colored lanterns.

"Father won't be in time to light them for us, after all," Han Chung was saying.

Wang Chih turned and looked eagerly at the White Hare.

"Let me go to them," he said, "I have got a bottle of water from the sky-dragon's mouth, and—"

"That's all right," said the White Hare. "Give it to me."

He opened the bottle and mixed the contents carefully with a few drops of the elixir of life, which was clear as crystal, and of which each drop shone like a diamond as he poured it in.

"Now, drink this," he said to Wang Chih, "and it will give you the power of living once more in the past, as you desire."

Wang Chih held out his hand, and drank every drop.

The moment he had done so the window grew larger, and he saw some steps leading from it down into the village street.

Thanking the Hare, he rushed through it and ran toward his own house, arriving in time to take the taper from his wife's hand with which she was about to light the red and yellow lanterns which swung over the door.

"What has kept you so long, father? Where have you been?" asked Han Chung, while little Ho-Seen-Ko wondered why he kissed and embraced them all so eagerly.



But Wang Chih did not tell them his adventures just then; only when darkness fell, and the Feast of Lanterns began, he took his part in it with a merry heart.

### A FEAST OF LANTERNS

IN SPRING for sheer delight  
 I set the lanterns swinging through the trees,  
 Bright as the myriad argosies of night,  
 That ride the clouded billows of the sky.  
 Red dragons leap and plunge in gold and silver seas,  
 And, O my garden gleaming cold and white,  
 Thou hast outshone the far faint moon on high.

YUAN MEI, A.D. 1715-1797

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## THE MAGIC FISHBONE

CHARLES DICKENS

THERE was once a king, and he had a queen; and he was the manliest of his sex, and she was the loveliest of hers. The king was, in his private profession, under government. The queen's father had been a medical man out of town.

They had nineteen children and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby; and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

Let us now resume our story.

One day the king was going to the office, when he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound and a half of salmon, not too near the tail, which the queen (who was a careful housekeeper) had requested him to send home. Mr. Pickles the fishmonger said, "Certainly, sir; is there any other article? Good morning."

The king went on toward the office in a melancholy mood; for quarter-day was such a long way off, and several of the dear children were growing out of their clothes. He had not proceeded far when Mr. Pickles's errand boy came running after him and said, "Sir, you didn't notice the old lady in our shop."

"What old lady?" inquired the king. "I saw none."

Now the king had not seen any old lady, because this old lady had been invisible to him, though visible to Mr. Pickles's

boy. Probably because he messed and splashed the water about to that degree, and flopped the pairs of soles down in that violent manner, that, if she had not been visible to him, he would have spoiled her clothes.

Just then the old lady came trotting up. She was dressed in shot-silk of the richest quality, smelling of dried lavender.

"King Watkins the First, I believe?" said the old lady.

"Watkins," replied the king, "is my name."

"Papa, if I am not mistaken, of the beautiful Princess Alicia?" said the old lady.

"And of eighteen other darlings," replied the king.

"Listen. You are going to the office," said the old lady.

It instantly flashed upon the king that she must be a fairy, or how could she know that?

"You are right," said the old lady, answering his thoughts, "I am the good Fairy Grandmarina. Attend! When you return home to dinner, politely invite the Princess Alicia to have some of the salmon you bought just now."

"It may disagree with her," said the king.

The old lady became so very angry at this absurd idea, that the king was quite alarmed, and humbly begged her pardon.

"We hear a great deal too much about this thing disagreeing and that thing disagreeing," said the old lady, with the greatest contempt it was possible to express. "Don't be greedy. I think you want it all yourself."

The king hung his head under this reproof, and said he wouldn't talk about things disagreeing any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't!



When the beautiful Princess Alicia consents to partake of the salmon—as I think she will—you will find she will leave a fishbone on her plate. Tell her to dry it, and to rub it, and to polish it, till it shines like mother-of-pearl, and to take care of it as a present from me.”

“Is that all?” asked the king.

“Don’t be impatient, sir,” returned the Fairy Grandmarina, scolding him severely. “Don’t catch people short, before they



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have done speaking. Just the way with you grown-up persons. You are always doing it."

The king again hung his head, and said he wouldn't do so any more.

"Be good, then," said the Fairy Grandmarina, "and don't! Tell the Princess Alicia, with my love, that the fishbone is a magic present which can only be used once; but that it will bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, *provided she wishes for it at the right time*. That is the message. Take care of it." The king was beginning, "Might I ask the reason?" when the fairy became absolutely furious.

"Will you be good, sir?" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "The reason for this, and the reason for that, indeed! You are always wanting the reason. No reason. There! Hoity toity me! I am sick of your grown-up reasons."

The king was extremely frightened by the old lady's flying into such a passion, and said he was very sorry to have offended her, and he wouldn't ask for reasons any more.

"Be good, then," said the old lady "and don't!"

With those words, Grandmarina vanished and the king went on and on and on till he came to the office. There he wrote and wrote and wrote till it was time to go home again. Then he politely invited the Princess Alicia, as the fairy had directed him, to partake of the salmon. And when she had enjoyed it very much, he saw the fishbone on her plate, as the fairy had told him he would, and he delivered the fairy's message; and the Princess Alicia took care to *dry* the bone, and to *rub* it, and to *polish* it, till it shone like mother-of-pearl.

And, so, when the queen was going to get up in the morning, she said, "Oh, dear me, dear me; my head, my head!" and then she fainted away.

The Princess Alicia, who happened to be looking in at the chamber door, asking about breakfast, was very much alarmed when she saw her royal mamma in this state, and she rang the bell for Peggy, which was the name of the lord chamberlain. But remembering where the smelling bottle was, she climbed on a chair and got it; and after that she climbed on another chair by the bedside and held the smelling bottle to the queen's nose; and after that she jumped down and got some water; and after that she jumped up again and wetted the queen's forehead; and, in short, when the lord chamberlain came in, that dear old woman said to the little princess, "What a trot you are! I couldn't have done it better myself!"

But that was not the worst of the good queen's illness. Oh, no! She was very ill indeed, for a long time. The Princess Alicia kept the seventeen young princes and princesses quiet, and dressed and undressed and danced the baby, and made the kettle boil, and heated the soup, and swept the hearth, and poured out the medicine, and nursed the queen, and did all that ever she could, and was as busy, busy, busy as busy could be; for there were not many servants at that palace for three reasons: because the king was short of money, because a rise in his office never seemed to come, and because quarter-day was so far off that it looked almost as far off and as little as one of the stars.

But on the morning when the queen fainted away, where

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was the magic fishbone? Why, there it was in the Princess Alicia's pocket! She had almost taken it out to bring the queen to life again, when she put it back and looked for the smelling bottle.

After the queen had come out of her swoon that morning, and was dozing, the Princess Alicia hurried upstairs to tell a most particular secret to a most particularly confidential friend of hers, who was a duchess. People did suppose her to be a doll; but she was really a duchess, though nobody knew it except the princess.

This most particular secret was the secret about the magic fishbone, the history of which was well known to the duchess, because the princess told her everything. The princess kneeled down by the bed on which the duchess was lying, full-dressed and wide-awake, and whispered the secret to her. The duchess smiled and nodded. People might have supposed that she never smiled and nodded; but she often did, though nobody knew it except the princess.

Then the Princess Alicia hurried downstairs again to keep watch in the queen's room. She often kept watch by herself in the queen's room; but every evening, while the illness lasted, she sat there watching with the king. And every evening the king sat looking at her with a cross look, wondering why she never brought out the magic fishbone. As often as she noticed this she ran upstairs, whispered the secret to the duchess over again, and said to the duchess besides, "They think we children never have a reason or a meaning!" And the duchess, though the most fashionable duchess ever heard of, winked her eye.



"Alicia," said the king, one evening, when she wished him good night.

"Yes, papa."

"What is become of the magic fishbone?"

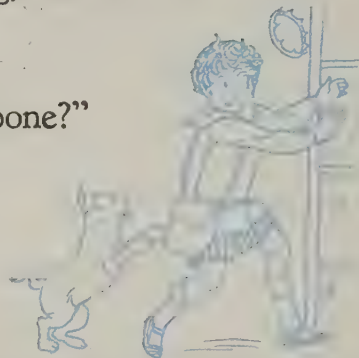
"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."



And so another time the dreadful little snapping pug dog, next door, made a rush at one of the young princes as he stood on the steps coming home from school, and terrified him out of his wits; and he put his hand through a pane of glass, and bled, bled, bled. When the seventeen other young princes and princesses saw him bleed, bleed, bleed, they were terrified out of their wits, too, and screamed themselves black in their seventeen faces all at once. But the Princess Alicia put her hands over all their seventeen mouths, one after another, and persuaded them to be quiet because of the sick queen. And then she put the wounded prince's hand in a basin of fresh cold water, while they stared with their twice seventeen are thirty-four, put down four and carry three, eyes, and then she looked in the hand for bits of glass, and there were fortunately no bits of glass there. And then she said to two chubby-legged princes, who were sturdy though small, "Bring me in the royal rag bag: I must snip and stitch and cut and contrive." So these two young princes tugged at the royal rag bag, and lugged it in; and the Princess Alicia sat down on the floor, with a large pair of



scissors and a needle and thread, and snipped and stitched and cut and contrived, and made a bandage, and put it on, and it fitted beautifully; and so when it was all done, she saw the king her papa looking on by the door.

"Alicia."

"Yes, papa."

"What have you been doing?"

"Snipping, stitching, cutting, and contriving, papa."

"Where is the magic fishbone?"

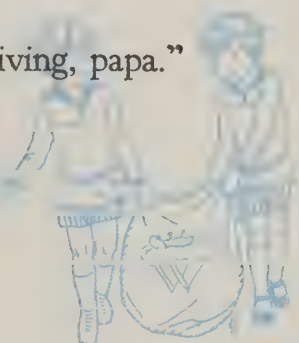
"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa!"

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."



After that she ran upstairs to the duchess, and told her what had passed and told her the secret over again; and the duchess shook her flaxen curls and laughed with her rosy lips.

Well! and so another time the baby fell under the grate. The seventeen young princes and princesses were used to it; for they were almost always falling under the grate or down the stairs; but the baby was not used to it yet, and it gave him a swelled face and a black eye. The way the poor little darling came to tumble was, that he was out of the Princess Alicia's lap just as she was sitting, in a great coarse apron that quite smothered her, in front of the kitchen fire, beginning to peel the turnips for the broth for dinner; and the way she came to be doing that was, that the king's cook had run away that morning with her own true love, who was a very tall but very tipsy soldier. Then the seventeen young princes and princesses, who cried at everything that happened, cried and roared. But the Princess Alicia (who couldn't help crying a little herself) quietly called to them to be still, on account of not throwing back the queen upstairs, who was fast getting well, and said, "Hold your tongues, you wicked little monkeys, every one of you, while I examine baby." Then she examined baby and found that he hadn't broken anything; and she held cold iron to his poor dear eye and smoothed his poor dear face, and he presently fell asleep in her arms. Then she said to the seventeen princes and princesses, "I am afraid to let him down yet, lest he should wake and feel pain; be good, and you shall all be cooks." They jumped for joy when they heard that, and began making themselves cooks' caps out of old newspapers. So to one she gave the salt box, and to one she



gave the barley, and to one she gave the herbs, and to one she gave the turnips, and to one she gave the carrots, and to one she gave the onions, and to one she gave the spice box, till they were all cooks, and all running about at work, she sitting in the middle, smothered in the great coarse apron, nursing baby.

By and by the broth was done; and the baby woke up, smiling like an angel, and was trusted to the sedatest princess to hold, while the other princes and princesses were squeezed into a far-off corner to look at the Princess Alicia turning out the sauce-panful of broth, for fear (as they were always getting into trouble) they should get splashed and scalded. When the broth came tumbling out, steaming beautifully and smelling like a nose-gay good to eat, they clapped their hands. That made the baby clap his hands; and that and his looking as if he had a comic toothache made all the princes and princesses laugh. So the Princess Alicia said, "Laugh and be good; and after dinner we will make him a nest on the floor in a corner, and he shall sit in his nest and see a dance of eighteen cooks." That delighted the young princes and princesses, and they ate up all the broth, and washed up all the plates and dishes, and cleared away, and pushed the table into a corner. And then they in their cooks' caps, and the Princess Alicia in the smothering coarse apron that belonged to the cook that had run away with her own true love that was the very tall but very tipsy soldier, danced a dance of eighteen cooks before the angelic baby, who forgot his swelled face and his black eye, and crowed with joy.

And so then once more the Princess Alicia saw King Watkins the First, her father, standing in the doorway looking on,

and he said, "What have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Cooking and contriving, papa."

"What else have you been doing, Alicia?"

"Keeping the children light-hearted, papa."

"Where is the magic fishbone, Alicia?"

"In my pocket, papa."

"I thought you had lost it?"

"Oh, no, papa."

"Or forgotten it?"

"No, indeed, papa."

The king then sighed so heavily, and seemed so low-spirited, and sat down so miserably, leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the kitchen table pushed away in its corner, that the seventeen princes and princesses crept softly out of the kitchen, and left him alone with the Princess Alicia and the angelic baby.

"What is the matter, papa?"

"I am dreadfully poor, my child."

"Have you no money at all, papa?"

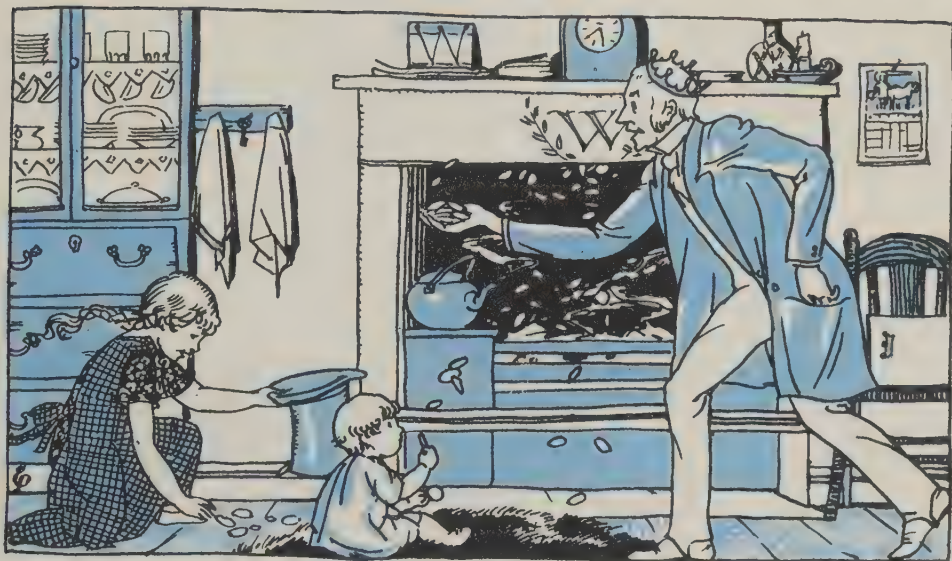
"None, my child."

"Is there no way of getting any, papa?"

"No way," said the king. "I have tried very hard, and I have tried all ways."

When she heard those last words, the Princess Alicia began to put her hand into the pocket where she kept the magic fishbone.

"Papa," said she, "when we have tried very hard, and tried all ways, we must have done our very, very best?"



"No doubt, Alicia."

"When we have done our very, very best, papa, and that is not enough, then I think the right time must have come for asking help of others." This was the very secret connected with the magic fishbone, which she had found out for herself from the good Fairy Grandmarina's words, and which she had so often whispered to her beautiful and fashionable friend, the duchess.

So she took out of her pocket the magic fishbone that had been dried and rubbed and polished till it shone like mother-of-pearl; and she gave it one little kiss, and wished it was quarter-day. And immediately it *was* quarter-day; and the king's quarter's salary came rattling down the chimney and bounced into the middle of the floor

But this was not half of what happened—no, not a quarter; for, immediately afterwards the good Fairy Grandmarina came





riding in, in a carriage and four (peacocks), with Mr. Pickles's boy up behind, dressed in silver and gold, with a cocked hat, powdered hair, pink silk stockings, a jeweled cane, and a nose-gay. Down jumped Mr. Pickles's boy, with his cocked hat in his hand and wonderfully polite (being entirely changed by enchantment), and handed Grandmarina out; and there she stood, in her rich shot-silk smelling of dried lavender, fanning herself with a sparkling fan.

"Alicia, my dear," said this charming old fairy, "how do you do? I hope I see you pretty well? Give me a kiss."

The Princess Alicia embraced her; and then Grandmarina turned to the king and said rather sharply, "Are you good?"

The king said he hoped so.

"I suppose you know the reason *now* why my goddaughter here," kissing the princess again, "did not apply to the fishbone sooner?" said the fairy.

The king made a shy bow.

"Ah! but you didn't *then*?" said the fairy.

The king made a shyer bow.

"Any more reasons to ask for?" said the fairy.

The king said, "No," and he was very sorry.

"Be good, then," said the fairy, "and live happy ever afterwards."

Then Grandmarina waved her fan, and the queen came in most splendidly dressed; and the seventeen young princes and princesses, no longer grown out of their clothes, came in, newly fitted out from top to toe, with tucks in everything to admit of its being let out. After that, the fairy tapped the Princess Alicia

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with her fan; and the smothering coarse apron flew away, and she appeared exquisitely dressed, like a little bride, with a wreath of orange flowers and a silver veil. After that, the kitchen dresser changed of itself into a wardrobe, made of beautiful woods and gold and looking-glass, which was full of dresses of all sorts, all for her and all exactly fitting her. After that, the angelic baby came in running alone, with his face and eye not a bit the worse, but much the better. Then Grandmarina begged to be introduced to the duchess; and when the duchess was brought down, many compliments passed between them.

A little whispering took place between the fairy and the duchess; and then the fairy said out loud, "Yes, I thought she would have told you." Grandmarina then turned to the king and queen, and said, "We are going in search of Prince Certainpersonio. The pleasure of your company is requested at church in half an hour precisely." So she and the Princess Alicia got into the carriage, and Mr. Pickles's boy handed in the duchess, who sat by herself on the opposite seat; then Mr. Pickles's boy put up the steps and got up behind, and the peacocks flew away with their tails behind.

Prince Certainpersonio was sitting by himself, eating barley-sugar and waiting to be ninety. When he saw the peacocks, followed by the carriage, coming in at the window, it immediately occurred to him that something uncommon was going to happen.

"Prince," said Grandmarina, "I bring you your bride."

The moment the fairy said those words, Prince Certainpersonio's face left off being sticky, and his jacket and corduroys



changed to peach-bloom velvet, and his hair curled, and a cap and feather flew in like a bird and settled on his head. He got into the carriage by the fairy's invitation; and there he renewed his acquaintance with the duchess, whom he had seen before.

In the church were the prince's relations and friends, and the Princess Alicia's relations and friends, and the seventeen princes and princesses, and the baby, and a crowd of the neighbors. The marriage was beautiful beyond expression. The duchess was bridesmaid and beheld the ceremony from the pulpit, where she was supported by the cushion of the desk.

Grandmarina gave a magnificent wedding feast afterwards, in which there was everything and more to eat and everything and



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more to drink. The wedding cake was delicately ornamented with white satin ribbons, frosted silver, and white lilies, and was forty-two yards round.

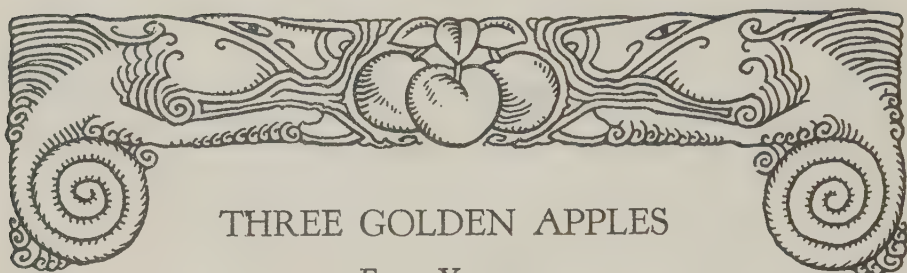
When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" Grandmarina announced to the king and queen that in future there would be eight quarter-days in every year, except in leap year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

On hearing such good news, everybody cried out, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" again.

"It only remains," said Grandmarina in conclusion, "to make an end of the fishbone."

So she took it from the hand of the Princess Alicia, and it instantly flew down the throat of the dreadful little snapping pug dog, next door, and choked him, and he expired.





## THREE GOLDEN APPLES

ELLA YOUNG

BALOR'S Son woke in the morning with a grievance in his mind.

"What's the good of having a king for your father," he said to himself, "if you never get anything that you want? I wish I wasn't Balor's only son. I wish I lived in a country where there was sunshine in the sky and apples on the trees—Oh, I wish I were a beggar-boy with the world to wander in!"

He felt so sorry for himself that he began to cry, softly at first and then loudly—very loudly indeed.

The First Lord-in-Waiting hurried in, with the Second Lord-in-Waiting at his heels.

"O noble prince," said the First Lord, "what distresses you?"

"I want an apple tree!" said Balor's Son. "I want a white horse that can go over land and water; I want a silver branch with three golden apples on it!"

"Alas!" said the First Lord-in-Waiting, wiping a tear out of his eyes.

"Alas!" said the Second Lord, copying him.

"Alas!" said the two of them together. "You've been listening to faery tales, most noble prince!"

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"I have not!" said Balor's Son stoutly.

"Where did you get word, then," said the First Lord, "of a horse that goes over land and sea, or of the silver branch with golden apples?"

"I got word of them from a boy I met in the Garden of Twisted Trees in the dusk of yestereve, the time I ran away from you all. He told me of those things—and other things, too. Oh, I wish I had him to talk to now!"

"Don't wish a bad wish like that," said the First Lord severely, "or you may find yourself in Faery Land, for it was a lad out of Faery Land that told you of the golden apples and of the white horse. That horse belongs to Mananaun, the King of Faery Land; and the golden apples belong to his son, Angus."

"And to what person does the Pooka belong?" said Balor's Son.

"The Pooka," said the First Lord, "is a tricky little spirit that belongs to Faery Land; and the less you trouble your head about these things the better!"

"How does one go to Faery Land?" asked Balor's Son.

"No one in this country knows," said the First Lord, "and of a certainty you, most noble prince, are not going there."

Balor's Son shut his lips tightly. He had got as much information as he was likely to get and he had made up his mind.

He was so very good all day that he was given his best royal crown to wear and his best royal mantle. He had both these on him when he stole away in the dusk to look for Faery Land.

Beyond the Garden of Twisted Trees there was a high wall, and on the top of the wall a row of sharp iron spikes. The sky





was beyond the wall, and nothing else that Balor's Son could see. He went from end to end of the wall, looking for a doorway, or a loose place in the stones where he could climb, or a broken place where he could crawl out, but he found everywhere the same solid, smooth, iron-spiked wall.

He sat down on the ground, and nothing but the thought of the First and Second Lords-in-Waiting prevented him from lifting up his voice in a wail fitting to the occasion.

"I *won't* cry," he said to himself. "No, I won't cry—to please them!"

All at once he knew that he was not alone. Beside him stood the boy he had spoken with the evening before. He was a slender lad with pale gold hair and shining gray eyes.

"Put your hand in mine," he said to Balor's Son, "and I will take you into Faery Land."

Balor's Son reached a hand. He heard a sound like a clap of thunder and shut his eyes tight. When he opened them he was in a wood. He had never seen anything like the trees of that wood. The leaves were very young and green and the sunshine made patterns on the moss all about his feet. A little path wound away and away into the heart of the wood and Balor's Son went along the path. It seemed to him that he walked and walked and walked for hours before he came to an open space





and, peering through the branches, saw an old man seated on a stone. He was wrapped in a cloak that had nine capes, each one more richly embroidered than the other. Beside him stood a young man with a sunburnt face and poor and tattered clothes. They were talking together. Balor's Son sharpened his ears to listen.

"Are you not tired," said the old man, "are you not tired, Angus, of walking the roads of the world with the bitter wind in your face and the clogging dust on your feet? Are you still eager to leave riches and go a-begging?"

"I am still eager," said the young man "for change, though it



be from blue to gray, and for the road where all things may happen!"

Just then a Pooka came out from between the trees. It looked like a little snow-white kid with golden horns and silver hoofs, but it could take any shape it had a fancy for. When it saw Angus it smiled and made one jump onto his shoulder.

"Look at this!" said Angus. "I never can say anything important without being interrupted!"

"What do you want?" he said to the Pooka, pretending to be cross.

"Oh, nothing at all, only to listen to your wise talk; it does me good," said the Pooka, prancing on Angus' shoulder. "I'll soon be the wisest Pooka in the world!"

At this Balor's Son burst out of hiding.

"Pooka! Pooka! Pooka!" he yelled. "I want you, come here!"

The Pooka jumped behind Angus. Balor's Son tried to seize it. Angus put out a hand.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am a Royal Prince," said the boy, trying to look big.

"I see that you are wearing a crown," said Angus.

"I am Balor's own son. I have come out to look for treasure, and if you have anything, I command you to give it to me at once."

"What would you like?" said Angus.

"I would like the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or a hound out of Faery Land."

"They say it's lucky to be good to poor folk," said Angus. "If you are good to us, perhaps you may find a treasure."



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"If you do not get up at once and hunt about for a treasure for me, I will tell my father, Balor, and he will wither you off the face of the earth.

"Oh, give me a little time," said Angus, "and I'll look for something."

The Pooka, who had been listening to everything, now skipped out from his hiding place with a turnip in his mouth—he was holding it by the green leaves.

"The very thing!" said Angus. "Here is a treasure!" He took the turnip in his hands and passed his fingers over it. The turnip became a great white egg and the leaves turned into gold and crimson spots and spread themselves over the egg.

"Now look at this!" said Angus. "It is an enchanted egg. You have only to keep it till you do three Good Actions, and then it will hatch out into something splendid."

"Will it hatch into Mananaun's white horse?" asked Balor's Son.

"It depends on the Good Actions you do; everything depends on that."

"What is a Good Action?"

"Well, if you were to go quietly away, and never tell anyone you had seen us, it would be a Good Action."

"I'll go," said Balor's Son. He took the egg in his hands, kicked up a toe-full of earth at the Pooka, and went.

He hadn't gone far when he heard a bird singing. He looked and saw a little bird on a furze bush.

"Stop that noise!" he said.

The bird went on singing. Balor's Son flung the egg at it.



The egg turned into a turnip and struck a hare. The hare jumped out of the furze bush.

"My curse on you," said Balor's Son, "for a brittle egg! What came over you to hatch into nothing better than a hare! My grief and my trouble! What came over you to hatch out at all when this is only my second Good Action?"

He turned to go back to his own country. At first he walked with big steps, puffing his cheeks vaingloriously, but little by little a sense of loss overcame him and as he thought how nearly he had earned the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or some greater treasure, two tears slowly rolled down his snub nose.

Angus and the old man and the Pooka were still in the little clearing when Balor's Son passed back through it. The moment he came in sight, the Pooka changed himself into a squirrel and ran up the oak tree; Angus changed himself into an oak leaf and fell softly on a bank of moss; the old man sat quite still and looked at Balor's Son.

"The egg hatched out," said Balor's Son. "It was a bad egg. I wish that I had thrown it at the beggar-man's head!"

The old man smiled and picked up the oak leaf. He pressed his hands over it and it became a great golden egg with green and purple spots on it.





"Give it to me! Give it to me!" yelled Balor's Son. "It's better than the first egg, and the first egg is broken. Give it to me."

"This egg is too precious for you," said the old man. "I must keep it in my own hands."

"Then I will blast you and all the forest and every living thing! I have only to roar three times, and three armies of my people will come to help me. Give me the egg, or I will roar."

"I will keep this egg in my own hands," said the old man.





Balor's Son shut his eyes tight and opened his mouth very wide to let out a great roar, and it is likely he would have been heard at the other end of the world if the Pooka hadn't dropped a handful of acorns into his mouth. The roar never came out. Balor's Son choked and spluttered and the old man patted him on the back and shook him. He shook him very hard, and after a while Balor's Son got his breath; then he said:

"I will not blast you this time; I will do a Good Action. I will let you carry the egg, and you can be my slave and treasure-finder!"

"I am Mananaun," said the old man.

"Oh," cried Balor's Son, when he had heard this, "Oh, I want a White—"

He heard the Pooka laughing behind him.

"What are you laughing at?" he cried, turning sharply round.

There was no Pooka! There was no laughter! He turned again. There was no old man, and no bank of moss!

He rubbed his eyes, he shut them and opened them three times, he dug his knuckles into them—there was no Pooka, no bank of moss, no old man!

"What ails you, Balor's Son?" said a voice. It came from a tree above him, and looking up he saw a white bird with a ruby-colored breast and emerald eyes.

"I'm the most unfortunate prince that ever lived!" said Balor's Son. "I've lost my Luck-Egg."

"I've lost three Seeds of Good Luck, myself," said the bird.

"What are Seeds of Good Luck?" asked Balor's Son. "Are they as good as Luck-Eggs?"

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"That depends," said the bird, "on the person who plants them—they might grow into anything!"

"Where did you lose them?" said Balor's Son.

"In the hollow of the tree I'm sitting on," said the bird.

"I'll get them," said Balor's Son, and he began to break his way into the hollow of the tree. It was hard work, but he kept at it till he could put head and shoulder and a searching hand into the hollow. He found three hard, shining seeds, and straightening himself, he cried:

"I've got them, White Bird."

The bird had gone.

"I'll keep them myself," said Balor's Son.

"Will you?" asked a voice with laughter in it—a voice that he knew.

It was the Pooka come back!

This time he looked like a great stag with branching horns. His hide was silver spotted with gold.

"Give the seeds to me," said the Pooka, "and I will let you ride on my back."

"No," cried Balor's Son, "I will give the seeds to the owner!"

"That will be a Good Action," said the Pooka.

"White Bird! White Bird! White Bird!" cried Balor's Son.

From the far blueness of the sky the white bird descended whirling and poising and falling as lightly as a petal of apple blossom or a flake of wind-lifted snow.

"Give the seeds to Angus, the beggar-man, with my blessing," cried the white bird, circling and poising.

"Angus! Angus! Angus!" called Balor's Son, and before the



last word left his mouth he saw that the beggar-man was standing between the trees.

Balor's Son gave him the seeds.

Angus took the seeds. He put one on his forehead where it shone like a king's jewel. He threw one into the air and it became a golden bird, circling and poising with its ruby-breasted fellow. He planted one. It came up a little slender apple tree. It grew and blossomed and three big yellow apples hung on it—the sweetest apples in all the world! Angus gathered the apples. He kept one. He gave one to the Pooka.

"Good luck, and may your hand never be empty," said the Pooka, as he took the golden apple that Angus gave him.

He gave one to Balor's Son.

"Here," said he, "is fruit untasted save in Faery Land. Keep it till you go into your own country, or no one will believe you ever had it."

"Good luck, and may your hand never be empty," said Balor's Son, and he stepped blithely homeward. But he hadn't taken three steps before he fell to munching the apple. That is why no one believed him when he got home.







## HOW TOM TREGIER WAS PISKEY-MAZED

*A Legend of Cornwall*

**T**WAS down in Cornwall, and not so far from where the waves beat high on Tintagell Head, that Tom Tregier was coming home a bit late one night. Truth to tell, he had lingered in town until now he found himself near the ruins of the old church not far from his cottage as the moon was near to setting.

As he came along by the church he thought he heard someone laughing softly, but never a person could he see, so he kept on the straight path to his own gate. But when he got where his

gate should be, never a sign of gate or cottage could he see.

"I was so busy thinking of what I did in town this day that I must have turned off wrong by the church," he thought, and back he went and started afresh, but never a sign of his own gateway could he find.

"Now what can be the meaning of that?" he cried. "The old church ruin I can see, and the waves beating on Tintagell Head, yet my own house I cannot find. Faith, I'll keep going round the common until I do find it," and off he went.

Every time he passed the church ruins he thought he heard laughter and giggling, and once he saw a dancing light by the little inlet below the ruins, so that he was sure the Little Man with the Lantern (Jack-o'-Lantern) was abroad the night. "Yet never did I hear that he could laugh out loud," said the puzzled Tom Tregier.

Just then he came abreast the church and, looking down on the grass, he saw hundreds of Little Men and Little Women, waving tiny lanterns and dancing and giggling about his feet. The Little Men wore bright green suits and red stocking caps, while the Wee Women wore long green capes and scarlet hoods.

Catching sight of Tom's look of surprise, one of the Little Women cried, "I believe the big fellow sees us. He must be Piskey-eyed<sup>1</sup>, and we did not know it! But just the same we will have our dance with him."

Around him they danced, swinging their lanterns and giggling, moving faster and faster until poor Tom was quite

<sup>1</sup> In Cornwall these mischievous Little People are called Piskeys or Pigseys, in other parts of England and in Ireland they are called Pixies.

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bewildered. When he tried to break through their dancing ring, they were before him and behind him, hundreds upon hundreds of them. When they saw how mazed he was, they laughed the louder and danced the faster.

"We've got him!" they cried out to one another, and even caught as he was, Tom could not but laugh at their comical looks and at the idea of such tiny folk trying to capture a big man like himself.

Down the common the Piskeys danced, drawing Tom along in their midst, and so confused and mazed was he that he scarce knew where he was going. Into his pocket he put his hand to draw forth his handkerchief to wipe his brow. Pulling it out he suddenly called to mind an old adage:

Turn your pockets inside out  
And you may the Piskeys flout.

Quick as a wink Tom pulled both his pockets inside out, and scarce were they turned out than the Little Men and Little Women had vanished, and there he was, standing at his own gate, and the sun just beginning to redden the sky to the east. But before it could get any higher, Tom Tregier was through the gate, making for his house and his own bed.







# OLD GRUMBLY<sup>1</sup>

OLD Grumbly he swore by the light of the moon  
And the leaves upon the trees  
That he could do more work in one day  
Than his wife could do in three.

Then Mrs. Grumbly she spoke up,  
"There shall be trouble now!"  
For you shall do the work in the house  
And I'll go follow the plough!

"And you must milk the Tiny cow  
For fear she will go dry;  
And you must feed the little pigs  
That lie all in the sty.

"And you must watch the speckled hen  
Lest she should go astray;  
And you must reel the skein of yarn  
That I spun yesterday."



This is one of several versions of an old American folk rhyme.

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The old woman took the staff in her hand  
And went to drive the plough;  
The old man took the pail in his hand  
And went to milk the cow.



'Twas "Hey, good cow" and "Ho, good cow!"  
And "Tiny, good cow, stand still!  
If ever I milk this cow again  
'Twill be against my will!"



He went to feed the little pigs  
That lay all in the sty;  
And he hit his head against the shed,  
Which made the blood to fly.



He went to reel the skein of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday;  
But he quite forgot to watch the hens,  
And they all went astray.

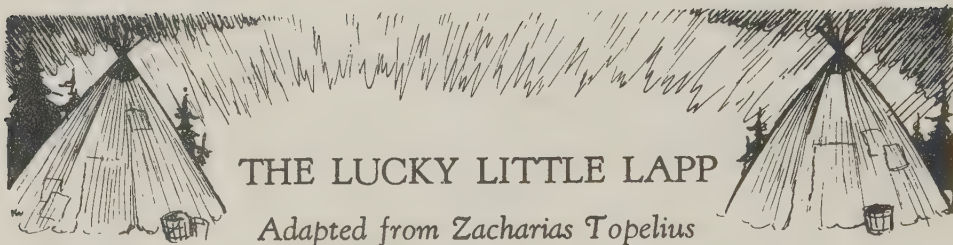


Then he swore by all the leaves on the trees  
And all the stars in Heaven  
That his wife could do more work in one day  
Than he could do in seven!

*Author Unknown*



HEATH  
WAY



FAR up in the northland the sun scarcely sets before it rises again in the short summer season, and winter, with days and nights of dusk, is nearly ten months long. Here live the hardy Laplanders, north of the Swedes, Finns, and Norwegians. Their houses are huts that are entered through a hole much as is that of the Eskimo's igloo, and their boat-shaped sleighs, or pulks, are drawn by reindeer instead of horses. In fact, were it not for these reindeer the poor Laplanders would have a hard time, for their land is bog and mountain, with no fertile fields for the raising of crops, nor is there forest land where game may be found. So the reindeer must supply meat, milk, cheese, and clothing for the Laplander.

Now once on a time there lived in this country a Laplander, his wife, and their little son Sampo, which means *luck*, and Lap-pelil, or *Little Lapp*. And truly was he named the Lucky Little Lapp, as you shall see.

Sampo had a rather flat face with snub nose and broad mouth, his eyes and hair were black, and he was a sturdy little lad, as a young Laplander should be. When he was about eight years old he could run swiftly on his snowshoes and could drive his own pulk with its small reindeer that was his own particular possession. The family were wealthy and happy and only one



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care troubled them. The boy had not yet been christened, for it was not easy to get to church in that far north country. "He should be christened," said his mother, "for then he would be safe if he met Hiisi on his golden-horned reindeer."

Sampo, overhearing her, thought, "That must be a wonderful reindeer if it has golden horns. Perhaps it is as fleet as it is beautiful and if I could but catch it and harness it to my pulk, I might drive to Rastekais!"

Now you must know that Rastekais is a wild mountain, so high that men can see it from a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. A fearsome mountain it is, too, for trolls live on its wild slopes, and there, too, dwells Hiisi, the mountain king who eats a reindeer at a mouthful and might eat a little boy if he felt so inclined.

Naturally, the mother of Sampo would have been greatly worried had she known what was in her little boy's mind, but as it was she was quite content when he went out with his little reindeer, skimming away over the hard snows. It was now February, but the long night still brooded over Lapland. Stars and moon shone brightly, the Northern Lights crackled and blazed in the heavens, and there was no change between morning, noon, and evening. Sampo could scarcely remember what summer was like, his only interest in warmer days being that they would bring enough daylight to make snowshoeing safer, and also bring back the gnats that were such a nuisance.

One day at noontime the father called Sampo Lappelil to come outdoors. As the boy crawled out of their hut he saw, far on the southern horizon, a little red streak.



"Do you know what that is?" asked the father.

"They must be the Southern Lights," answered the boy, as he realized they were in the opposite side of the sky from the Northern Lights.

"No," replied his father, "that is the light of the sun, and by tomorrow, toward noon, we shall be able to glimpse a bit of the sun peeping

over the horizon. See how the red glow lights the top of Rastekais! The white snow on the mountain top seems all afire."

Sampo looked to the west and saw the snow colored red on the shining peak of Rastekais, and he thought how wonderful it would be to see the mountain king—without getting too close, of course.

All day he thought of what fun it would be to see the king on his mountain, and all night he dreamed that he was flying toward his goal. Early in the morning he crept out before his parents were awake, thinking to take a look at the mountain. It was bitterly cold outdoors, but Sampo was used to the cold. Besides, he was warmly dressed in jacket and trousers of leather, soft leather shoes lined with fur, and fur cap and mittens.

He slipped out of the hut and found his little reindeer scratching in the snow near by. "Nobody will miss me if I go for a

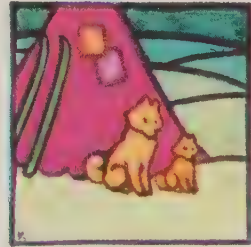
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little drive,” decided Sampo. So he harnessed the reindeer to his pulk, thinking he might go a short distance to get a better view of Rastekais. The little reindeer enjoyed the trip and over the snow fields they went, down over the frozen Tana River, and up the hills again on the other side. As they flew along, Sampo sang lustily an old Lapp folk song:



Reindeer, gallop fast  
Over mount and plain,  
Till the tent we gain,  
And my love at last;  
To the forest haste,  
There green moss shalt taste!





Faster they went, and faster. In the gray light Sampo saw the shining eyes of wolves, as the animals ran like shadowy dogs after the flying sleigh. Sampo had no fear, for not a wolf could keep pace with his little reindeer. Gayly he sang on:



Ah! how short the day,  
And the roads how long.  
Come, let merry songs  
Shorten now our way;  
Fly, my reindeer, here,  
Wolves are howling near!



The wind whistled, the reindeer's hoofs snapped fire as they struck stones along the way, and the moon and sky seemed to race with the pulk over the snows. Then suddenly as they went over the brow of a hill the road made a sharp turn. The pulk overturned and Sampo found himself lying in the snow, while his reindeer, not knowing what had happened, dashed ahead. By the time Sampo could sit up and get the snow out of his mouth, the reindeer was too far away to hear the boy's shouts.

So there was Sampo Lappelil on the hilltop, miles and miles away from any hut. At first he was frightened, but by the time he had pulled himself free from the soft snow and found that he wasn't hurt, he looked about him and wondered what to do next. There was nothing in sight but snowdrifts, snow-covered plains, and icy mountain peaks. One mountain towered far above all others, and Sampo guessed he must now be near Rastekais, the home of the mountain king who ate a reindeer at a gulp and might eat a little boy if he took the notion.

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The thought frightened him again, and it seemed almost as if the black shadow of Rastekais were reaching out for him. "Now this will never do," he scolded himself, as he began to run up and down to get warm. "I can't stand here and freeze, and it is too far to walk home, so I'd best go on to the home of the mountain king and see what is to be seen. If he eats me, he eats me, but I shall tell him he had better eat the wolves that are here on the mountain. They are fatter than I and he will have less trouble to get rid of their furs than mine!"

Then Sampo began to climb the high mountain. He had gone only a few steps when he noticed a shadow on the snow, and soon a big furry wolf sprang out beside him. Although his heart beat fast with fear, Sampo put on a brave front and said, "Don't get in my way. I have an errand to the mountain king, and you'd best not interfere with me."

"Well, don't cry out before you're hurt," answered the wolf, for on Rastekais all animals can talk like men. "Who are you, anyway, little boy?"

"I am Sampo Lappelil," answered the boy. "And who are you?"

"I am the mountain king's master wolf," answered the gray beast, "and I am returning from my journey over all the mountains to call his people for the Sun Festival. Jump on my back and I will carry you along, since you are on the way to my master," he added.

Sampo climbed on the wolf's broad back, and on they went, fairly flying over chasms and precipices.

"What do you mean by the Sun Festival?" asked Sampo, as



he cuddled down closer in the warm gray fur,

“Don’t you know that?” the wolf growled. “I thought everybody knew that when the sun rises for the first time after the long winter is over, all the animals and the trolls gather on Rastekais, and on that day none may do another harm. It is well for you, little Sampo Lappelil, that you come on this day, for on no other could you be safe. In fact, were it any other day, I myself would have eaten you a long time ago.”

“Is there the same rule for the king too?” asked Sampo.

“Of course,” answered the wolf. “From the time the first



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gleam comes in the sky an hour before sunrise, to an hour after the sun has set, neither the mountain king nor any subject of his may touch a hair of your head. But have a care, for they will set upon you the minute the time is done."

"Perhaps you will take me back, as you are taking me up the mountain?" asked Sampo.

The wolf began to laugh. "Indeed, no," he said. "While the truce lasts you are safe, but none would be quicker than I to feast on a fat little boy who has been fed on reindeer milk and reindeer cheese. No, when the time is up, you must fend for yourself."

Sampo was wondering whether it would not be better to jump from the wolf's back and make his way down the mountain at once, when he found they had reached the summit, and before him was the most wonderful sight he had ever beheld. On a high throne of rocks sat the king, looking out over the mountains and valleys to where the sun would soon rise. His cap was white snow-clouds; his eyes made one think of the full moon rising over the forest; and his bearded mouth was like a mountain cleft overhung with giant icicles. His arms and legs, like great pine branches, stood out from the white fur coat, vast as a snow mountain.

The Northern Lights cast color and light on the mountain and showed the king and his people plainly to Sampo. All about the king sat thousands of gray trolls and brownies, tiny folk only a few inches tall. From all the northern world they had gathered to the Sun Feast, though they had done so on the king's order and from no love of sunlight, since the trolls prefer the

darkness to light. Beyond the trolls were all the animals of Lapland: thousands upon thousands of wolves, bears, and lynxes in rows, and beyond them the good reindeer, little lemmings, and even the reindeer fleas. As far as Sampo could see were rows and rows of animals, and in the misty distance he could catch the glowing of bright eyes out of the gloom that hid the bodies of the beasts.

Quietly Sampo slipped from the wolf's back and hid himself behind a great boulder where he could watch all that passed. The mountain king raised his head and the snow flew about him. The Northern Lights shone like a halo round his head, sending long red rays in star shape against the gray-blue sky, crackling and roaring like a forest fire as the lights spread out and drew together again. The mountain king was so pleased that he clapped his hands, and the sound was like mighty peals of thunder that made the trolls whistle with joy, though the animals cringed with fear. This so amused the king that he cried out:

"So shall it be forever! Winter and night forever! That will I have."

The trolls echoed the king's cry, and even the animals felt they would like winter to last forever so they might not be troubled by the terrible gnats that pestered them in summertime. Only the reindeer fleas truly wanted summer and they cried out, "Your Majesty, we came here to await the sun." The great white bear growled to them to be quiet, for he thought it would be much better if the sun would stay away forever.

"The sun is put out and is dead," murmured the animals, while the trolls and their king kept chanting, "The sun is dead. The

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whole earth shall fall down and worship Hiisi, the king of everlasting winter and everlasting night."

Then Sampo forgot his fear and came from behind the rock, saying, "That is not true, O Hiisi! Yesterday I saw a rosy streak on the horizon, and soon the sun will rise. After a few weeks your beard will melt in his heat."

At these words the king, unmindful of the truce, stretched forth his hand to crush Sampo. But at that moment the Northern Lights paled and a red ray shone in the eastern sky. Straight in the mountain king's ice-cold face it shone, so that he was dazzled and let fall his arm. And now a rosy glow fell over the snow as the sun mounted higher, casting its gleam into the eyes and hearts of all those gathered upon the mountain, until they forgot their glee in wishing the sun dead, and rejoiced that summer would soon be with them again. The beard of the mountain king began to melt and drip down like a running brook, the trolls stood on their heads with excitement, and the animals basked in the warm sunbeams.

An hour slipped by before Sampo realized it. Then he heard one of the reindeer say to its little one, "Come, my child, we must be going, or we will be eaten by the wolves, for the sun shines only a short time this day."

Then Sampo too remembered what would befall him if he lingered. He started to run down the mountain. Then he noticed that a beautiful reindeer with golden horns was running at his side and he leaped upon the animal's back. Soon he heard a noise and, looking back, saw the bears and wolves pursuing them. But the deer fled on unafraid, for he could



outrun bear and wolf. But at last there came a sound like thunder, and then the deer was frightened and cried:

"It is Hiisi himself coming and he is so furious even I am not safe from his rage. I cannot run faster than he."

"Is there no escape?" asked Sampo.

"Only if we can find a hut, for the mountain king cannot enter there," the reindeer answered, despairingly.

"Do not give up hope then, dear reindeer," cried Sampo, "for round the next turn in the road is a hut. We can run in there. If you save me you shall have golden oats served you in a silver manger all the rest of your days.

The reindeer gathered his waning strength and made a dash round the turn, and just as they felt the cold breath of the mountain king upon them, they gained the hut. Luckily this was the home of the parish priest and he recognized Sampo. Catching up a bowl of water he quickly baptized Sampo Lappelil, and the defeated Hiisi, having no power over a baptized child, flew into such a temper that he burst at once into a fearful storm and buried the hut in snow. But when morning came the sun rose and melted the snow. Then Sampo thanked the priest and borrowed a pulk to which he harnessed the golden-horned reindeer. Home he drove to his father, where there was great rejoicing at his safe return.

How Sampo grew up and fed his reindeer with golden oats from a silver manger, as he had promised, is another story, but we know he became a great man and though the mountain king is said still to rule on Rastekais, Sampo Lappelil never went back to that wild mountain to find out.

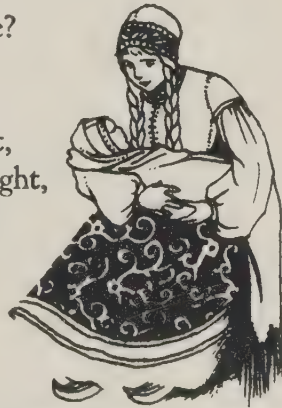


### NORSE LULLABY

THE sky is dark and the hills are white,  
As the storm-king speeds from the north tonight;  
And this is the song the storm-king sings,  
As over the world his cloak he flings:  
    "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep";  
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:  
    "Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountainside a vine  
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;  
The tree bends over the trembling thing,  
And only the vine can hear her sing:  
    "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;  
What shall you fear when I am here?  
    Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,  
The pine may croon to the vine tonight,  
But the little snowflake at my breast  
Liketh the song I sing the best,  
    "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;  
Weary thou art, anext my heart;  
    Sleep, little one, sleep."



EUGENE FIELD

From *Poems of Childhood*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



## THE THREE GIANTS

*A Tale of the West Highlands*

THERE was a king of Lochlin who had three daughters, each one more beautiful than the others. But one day three giants stole the three maidens and carried them away to a castle under the earth.

The princesses were kindly treated, but they grew very homesick and longed to get back to their home in Lochlin. The king, their father, was even more unhappy than they, and tried every means in his power to get back his daughters. At last a wise man told the king that the only way to get back his children was to make a ship that would sail over land and sea. Somebody, so the wise man said, must fare forth in that ship and travel on and on until he was able to rescue the princesses.

Now the king was very busy governing his country and keeping count of the treasures in his secret vaults, and, besides, he was quite sure he never could build such a ship. Wherefore he had a proclamation sent forth that whoever would make such a ship and rescue the princesses should wed the eldest princess. Many persons tried to build the ship, but all failed.

Now, there was a widow who had three sons, and the eldest finally decided to try to build the ship. So his mother gave



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him a large oat cake, or bannock, and away he went to the forest. It was noon when he reached there, so he sat him down to eat his bannock. As he ate, a fairy rose from the stream and begged for a bit of the cake.

"No," said he, "the cake is none too large for myself," and he gave her not a bit. As soon as he had eaten, he set to chopping down trees, but as fast as they fell they grew up again, and at nightfall he went home sorrowful. Then the next brother did the same, and he failed also. Then the youngest brother set out, and he took but a small bannock, yet when the fairy asked for a bit, he divided fairly with her.

When she had eaten, she smiled at the lad and said, "Meet me here in a year and a day. You will find your ship ready, so do not worry yourself about it meantime.

When the day came, the lad returned to the forest and found his ship awaiting him just as the fairy had promised. He sailed away, and after a time came to where a man was drinking up a river.

"It may well be such a man could be useful to me," thought the lad, so he hired the man to be his servant. After a time they looked out of their ship and saw a man eating a whole ox.

"It may well be such a man could be useful to me," thought the lad, so he hired him also. A little later they noticed a man with his ear to the earth. When they questioned him, he said that he was hearing the grass grow, so the lad hired him also.

In a short time they saw the entrance to a cave, and the last man listened and said it must be where the three giants had the three princesses hidden, for he could hear their voices. So the

lad and his servants went down into the cave, and after a time they came to the castle of the biggest giant. When the giant saw them he laughed at them and said, "Ye are seeking the king's daughter but she shall not be yours unless ye have a man who will drink as much water as I." Then the river-drinker set to work, and so did the giant, and before the man was half satisfied, the giant burst.

Then they went on to the second giant's castle and he challenged them to find one who could eat as much as he. The ox-eater accepted the challenge and was but half satisfied when the giant burst. They then proceeded to the third giant's castle and he promised to send the three princesses back to their father if the lad would stay with him as servant for a year and a day. The lad consented and his three servants took the princesses up out of the cave and carried them back to their father in the ship that could sail on land or sea.

The lad stayed with the giant and served him faithfully for a year and a day. When his time was up the giant said, "I have an eagle that will take you up to the earth," and he put the lad on the eagle's back, along with fifteen oxen for the eagle to eat on the way up; but before the eagle had gone half-way up she had eaten all the oxen, and went back to the bottom of the cave again. So the youngest son had to stay with the giant for another year and a day. When the time was up, the giant put him on the eagle again, and gave her thirty oxen to last her for food; but before she got to the top she ate them all, and so went back again, and the young man had to stay another year and a day with the giant. At the end of the third year



and a day, the giant put the lad on the eagle's back a third time and gave her threescore oxen for provender. Yet, just as the mouth of the cave was reached, the eagle finished the last of the oxen and was about to turn back again when the youth, in desperation lest he have to work another year for the giant, let the eagle nibble on his thigh. So, with one spring she was on the earth. Then the eagle said to him, "Any hard lot that comes to thee, whistle, and I will be at thy side."

Now the lad went to the town where lived the King of Lochlin with the daughters that he had got back from the



giants, and he hired himself to work at blowing the bellows for a smith. Shortly thereafter the king's eldest daughter ordered the smith to make her a golden crown such as she had had when she was with the giant, or he should pay for his failure with his life.

The poor smith was greatly troubled, but the bellows-blower told him not to worry for it should be done. Then the smith gave his helper the gold and the bellows-blower shut himself up, broke the gold to splinters and threw it out the window, where the people picked it up. Then the lad whistled for the eagle, and she came. At his request she flew down and fetched him the crown that belonged to the biggest giant, and the smith brought it to the king's eldest daughter, who was well content therewith.

Soon the king's second daughter wanted a silver crown like the one she had when she was with the second giant; and the youngest daughter wanted a copper crown like that she had worn in the home of the third giant; and each of these the eagle brought to the lad, that the smith might present them to the princesses.

Then the king asked the smith how he did all this, and the smith told truly that the bellows-blower had done it. So the king sent a coach and four horses for the bellows-blower. But the servants were less courteous than their master, for they took the bellows-blower, all dirty from his work, and threw him into the coach like a dog. But on the way he whistled for the eagle to take him from the coach, and not only did the eagle do so, but also filled the coach with stones, so that when the king

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opened the coach door, the stones fell out on him and were like to kill him.

Furious, the king called the coach gillies and had them flogged. Then he sent a second coach for the bellows-blower, but again the servants were rude, so the lad whistled for the eagle, who took him out and filled the coach with dirt that nigh buried the king when he opened the door. And a second set of servants were punished.

The third time the king sent a trusty servant who behaved in a civil manner, waiting for the bellows-blower to wash and put on fresh raiment. The lad whistled for the eagle, who brought him a gold and silver costume that had belonged to the smallest giant. When the king opened the coach door he found within the finest young man ever he had seen. The youth told the king how he had built the ship, saved the princesses, served the giant for three times a year and a day, and had caused to be brought to each princess the crown she coveted. This tale the princesses could confirm in part, so the king gave the lad his eldest daughter for wife and legend says the festivities lasted twenty days and twenty nights.





## THE FAIRIES

UP THE airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home;  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM



## To Enchanted Lands



### THE LAST DRYADS

GENEVIEVE FOX

CHARACTERS

**BROWNIES**—In all-brown suits and brown pointed caps.

**DRYADS**—In clinging gray-green garments.

**FOUR BOYS**

**SCENE:** *An opening in the woods.*

*[The Dryads enter. Their heads are bowed and they walk as if ready to drop from weariness]*

**FIRST DRYAD** (*dropping down under a tree*)—Oh, let us rest here for a little. I can go no farther.

**SECOND DRYAD** (*sitting on a log*)—How many weary miles we've walked today since we awoke to see the world all crimson.

*[The other Dryads drop down on the ground]*

**THIRD DRYAD**—Ah, woe is me! *[She sobs softly. Some of the Dryads wipe their eyes. A Brownie enters and stops in surprise]*

**BROWNIE**—Who are you, and why are you so sad?

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❖   ❖   ❖   **Book Trails**   ❖   ❖   ❖

FIRST DRYAD (*starting*)—I thought you were one of those terrible humans that were always making trouble in the woods we came from. I'm a Dryad.

BROWNIE—What's a Dryad? I never saw one in these woods before.

FIRST DRYAD—Dryads are tree fairies. They always live in trees. (*sighing*) You should have seen the tree I lived in—a white pine, tall and straight as though its tip pointed at some fixed star.

SECOND DRYAD—My tree was a Douglas fir. Four hundred years had ringed their growth about its trunk.

THIRD DRYAD—Mine was a cedar, silvery-barked. The eagles nested in its topmost branch.

FOURTH DRYAD—I dwelt within the heart of a great oak.

FIFTH DRYAD—And I within a dainty white-barked birch.

FIRST DRYAD—And now our homes are smouldering stumps, all charred and black.

[*The Dryads weep. During the conversation between the Brownie and the Dryads four other Brownies have come in and have edged up to listen until they are circled around the Dryads*]

FIRST BROWNIE—Who set the trees on fire?

FIRST DRYAD—Who always sets the trees on fire?

DRYADS (*together*)—Humans, of course!

FIRST DRYAD—Who drove us from the home we first lived in?

DRYADS—Humans, of course!

SECOND BROWNIE—Did all the trees burn up?

FIRST DRYAD—Yes, all the trees for miles around our homes

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are burning up, and all because some boys did build a fire and left it smouldering. A high wind finished the mischief they began.

SECOND DRYAD—And when they do not burn our homes they cut them down, no matter whether they need them for wood or not, or hack off their bark until they die.

THIRD DRYAD—Yes, my sister lived in a great grove of pines that had been growing for a hundred years and more. Men came, and in a week they all lay prone.

FOURTH DRYAD—I had a Dryad friend who lived in a white birch. One day some boys came and peeled off great pieces of bark. The poor tree died a slow miserable death and she was homeless. They never think of us Dryads.

FIFTH DRYAD—Why should they think of us? They never think even about their children or their children's children. What will they do when all the trees are gone? And what will Dryads do, alas!

FIRST BROWNIE—Why don't you come and live in these woods. Boys and men never come here.

[As he finishes speaking a loud whoop is heard and four boys come running in. The Brownies advance upon them, shaking their fists and brandishing sticks and shouting]

BROWNIES—You get out of these woods!

We won't have humans here!

You burn down trees!

You cut down trees!

You drive away the Dryads!

FIRST BOY—We don't burn down the trees.





SECOND BOY—We don't cut down the trees.

THIRD BOY—What in the world are Dryads, I'd like to know? [He looks at the other boys to see if they know. All shake their heads as if to say, "I give it up"]

FIRST BROWNIE—These are Dryads right here. [He points to them]

FOURTH BOY—We certainly wouldn't drive them away. They look like fairies.

FIRST DRYAD—We *are* fairies.

SECOND DRYAD—We live in trees.

THIRD DRYAD—When you kill the trees you leave us homeless.

FOURTH DRYAD—Please don't do anything to these woods.

FIFTH DRYAD—No, don't. We want to stay here.

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FIRST BOY—We won't do a thing to your trees, will we?  
[*He turns to other boys*]

OTHER BOYS (*together, emphatically*)—Not—a—thing!

FIRST BROWNIE (*advancing*)—Do you cross your hearts and promise never to leave a spark of fire burning in these woods; never to cut down a live sapling or tree unless you simply must have it for wood; and never to kill trees by peeling off their bark or gashing them with your knives?

BOYS—We cross our hearts and promise—[*They repeat what the Brownie has said*]

FIRST BROWNIE (*turning to the others*)—What do you say, shall we let them stay?

OTHER BROWNIES AND DRYADS (*together*)—Yes, yes.  
[*The Dryads join hands and circle around, skipping gleefully and singing*]:

And we will live in the greenwood,

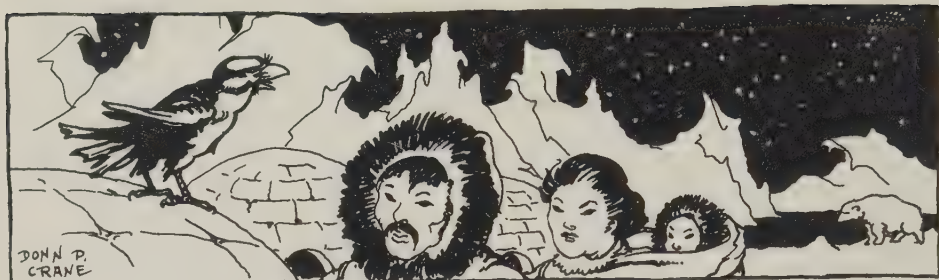
The greenwood, the greenwood.

And we will live in the greenwood,

Forever and for aye.

[*Gradually they enlarge their circle, first taking in the Brownies and finally the four boys. The scene ends as all dance merrily*]





## THE CROW AND THE DAYLIGHT

RENÉE COUDERT RIGGS

LONG, long ago, when the world was new, there was no daylight in Alaska. It was dark all the time, and the people in Alaska were living in the dark, just doing the best they could. They used to quarrel about whether it was day or night. Half of the people slept while the other half worked; in fact, no one really knew when it was time to go to bed, or if in bed when to get up, because it was dark all of the time.

In one village lived a crow. The people liked this crow because they thought him very wise; in fact he told them so himself; so they let him live in their kasga.

The crow used to talk a lot too, and tell of all the wonderful things he had seen and done, when he had spread his wings and flown away on his long journeys to distant lands.

The people of Alaska had no light but the flame of their seal-oil lamps.

One evening the crow seemed very sad and did not speak at all. The people wondered what was the matter, and felt sad

From *Animal Stories from Eskimo Land*. Adapted from the Original Eskimo Stories Collected by Dr. Daniel S. Neuman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.



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too because they missed their lively crow, so they asked him: "Crow, what makes you so sad?"

"I am sorry for the people of Alaska," said the crow, "because they have no daylight."

"What is daylight?" said they. "What is it like? We have never heard of daylight."

"Well," said the crow, "if you had daylight in Alaska you could go everywhere and see everything, even animals from far away."

This seemed very wonderful to them all, and they asked the crow if he would try to get them that "daylight."

At first the crow refused all their entreaties. "I know where it is," said he, "but it would be too hard for me to get it here."

Then they all crowded around and begged him to go to the place where daylight was and bring them some.

Still the crow refused, and said he could not possibly get that light; but they coaxed him nicely, and the chief said, "O Crow, you are so clever and so brave, we know you can do that."

At last the crow said, "Very well, I will go."

The next day he started on his journey. Of course it was dark, but it was not stormy, and when he had said good-by to all the people he spread his wings and flew away toward the East, for the sun comes from the East. He flew on and on in the dark, until his wings ached and he was very tired, but he never stopped.

After many days he began to see a little bit, dimly at first, then more and more, until the sky was flooded with light.



Perching on the branch of a tree to rest, he looked about him to see if he could find where the light came from. At last he saw that it was shining from a big snow house in a village nearby.

Now, in that snow house lived the chief of the village, and that chief had a daughter who was very beautiful. This daughter came out of the house every day to fetch water from the ice hole in the river, which is the only way the Eskimos can get fresh water in winter. After she had come out, the crow slipped off his skin and hid it in the entrance of the house; then he covered himself with dust, and said some magic words, which sounded something like this:

Ya-ka-ty, ta-ka-ty, na-ka-ty-O.  
 Make me little that I won't show.  
 Only a tiny speck of dust,  
 No one will notice me, I trust.

Then he hid on a sunbeam in a crack near the door, and waited for the chief's daughter.

When she had filled her sealskin water-bag, she came back from the river, and the crow, who looked like nothing but a

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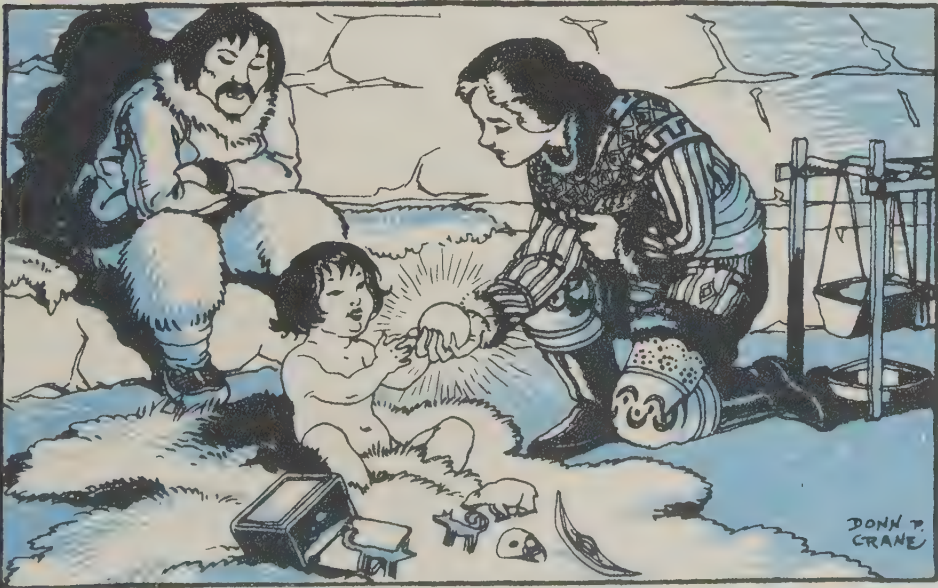
speck of dust floating on the sunbeam, lighted on her dress and passed with her through the door into the house where the daylight came from.

Inside, the place was very bright and sunny, and there was a dear little dark-eyed baby playing on the floor, on the skin of a polar bear which had recently been killed.

That baby had a lot of little toys, carved out of walrus ivory. There were tiny dogs and foxes, and little walrus heads, and kayaks (Eskimo canoes). He kept putting the toys into an ivory box with a cover, then spilling them out again.

The chief was watching the baby very proudly, but the little one did not seem satisfied with his toys.

When the chief's daughter came in she stooped to pick the baby from the floor, and a little speck of dust drifted from her





dress to the baby's ear. The dust was the crow, of course.

The baby began to cry and fuss, and the chief said, "What you want?" and the crow whispered into his ear, "Ask for the daylight to play with."

The baby asked for the daylight, and the chief told his daughter to give the baby a small, round daylight to play with.

The woman unwound the rawhide string from his hunting bag and took out a small wooden chest covered with pictures, which told the story of the brave things the chief had done. From the chest she took a shining ball, and gave it to the child.

The baby liked the shining ball, and played with it a long time; but the crow wanted to get that daylight, so he whispered in the little one's ear to ask for a string to tie to his ball. They gave him a string, and tied the daylight to it for him; then the chief and his daughter went out, leaving the door open behind them, much to the delight of Crow, who was waiting for just that chance.

When the little boy got near to the door in his play, the crow whispered again in his ear, and told him to creep out into the entrance with his daylight.

The baby did as the crow told him, and as he passed the spot where the crow's skin was hidden, the speck of dust slipped out of the child's ear, back into the crow's skin and the crow was himself again. Seizing the end of the string in his beak, away flew Mr. Crow, leaving the howling baby on the ground.

The child's cries brought the chief and his daughter and all the people of the village rushing to the spot; and they saw the crow flying away with their precious daylight.

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In vain they tried to reach him with their arrows, but he was too quickly out of sight.

When the crow came near the land of Alaska he thought he would try the daylight to see how it worked, so when he passed over the first dark village, he scratched a little bit of the brightness off, and it fell on the village and lighted it up beautifully. Then every village he came to he did the same thing, until at last he reached his home village, where he had started from. Hovering over it, he shattered the daylight into little bits, and scattered them far and wide.

The people greeted him with shouts of delight. They were so happy they danced and sang, and prepared a great feast in his honor. They were so grateful to him they couldn't thank him enough for bringing that daylight.

The crow told them that if he had taken the big daylight, it would never be dark in Alaska, even in winter, but he said that the big daylight would have been too heavy for him to carry.

The people have always been thankful to the crow since then, and never try to kill him.





### A WILD TEA PARTY

THE Auk and the Hartebeest gave a high tea,  
They invited as guests just twenty and three:

The Kudu and Quagga, the Mole and the Gnu,  
A Rhino and Hippo, and young Springbok, too.

An Ant-eater came with a Cinnamon Bear,  
And of the Deer family a dozen were there.

The Zebra arrived in a coat of striped fur,  
Which the Tiger approved with a very loud purr.

The tea really proved a most signal success.  
Still, if I be honest, I'll have to confess

That though there were gathered guests twenty and three  
Not one of those present could bear to taste tea!

JOHN STILLWELL





## FURS, FASHIONS, AND POCKETS

MARK FRANCIS

“MOTHER, why do you wear a pocket on the outside of your fur coat?” asked little Willoughby Wallaby. “Yesterday, when I was out in the woods I saw Mrs. Springbok and Mrs. Dingo Dog and Mrs. Kudu, and none of them had pockets.”

“My dear Willoughby, you ought to be glad I wear a pocket,” Mrs. Wallaby answered. “Only yesterday, when the

hunters were after us, you were glad enough that you could jump into that pocket and be carried to safety. And when you were a tiny baby that pouch was a very pleasant nursery, if you remember."

"Yes, I know," acknowledged Willoughby, "but why doesn't Mrs. Springbok have a pocket on her lovely coat, too?"

"Really, you do ask odd questions," his mother complained. "You ought to be glad that I can supply an extra, well-heated room for you. And Mrs. Springbok has not any finer coat than mine, even if she is a bit bigger. I'll admit she has pretty horns, but what could I do with horns? When I stand on my hind feet and use my tail as a brace, I can hit out with one of those hind feet so hard that whoever it hits will feel as if a dozen horns had struck him. Or, I can box with my forelegs until he runs away in fear."

"Yes, but that doesn't tell me why you keep a pocket when the others don't wear them," Willoughby persisted.

"Of course you can't remember, but when you were a tiny, new baby, you couldn't see or hear," explained his mother. "So I needed the pocket to keep you and your brother in until your eyes opened and you began to hear and your legs grew strong enough to let you run and jump about. Even then, you would ride around in the pouch when I had to travel fast or you wanted a nice, warm place for a nap. But you came out when you wanted to play or gather fresh grasses for food.

"That pocket is a far better nursery than the hidden spot in the woods where Mrs. Springbok hides her baby, or the place behind the old fallen tree where Mrs. Dingo's pups are hidden.

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Their babies have to be left behind if they are not old enough to run with their mothers when anyone attacks them. And you know Mrs. Dingo's babies can't see until they are nine days old, either. Really, I think we of the Wallaby family have the best way of looking after our babies. Why, your big cousin, the Kangaroo, wears a pocket, and so do cousins Bandicoot and Wombat.

"Most of our family live in Australia, but an American cousin, the Opossum, has a pouch, and the Marsupial Moles use our family name 'Marsupial' to show they are different from the common moles, and Mrs. Mole has a pouch in her coat. I am told there is a Marsupial Frog in South America, though I have never met her.

"My dear Willoughby, just because some of our neighbors do not have pockets in their coats, you must not think I do not know what is the best style. So long as Kangaroos and Wallabys wear pockets, pockets will be stylish for them, my dear."







## THE WEEDS

CARL EWALD



IT WAS a beautiful, fruitful season. Rain and sunshine came by turns just as it was best for the corn. As soon as ever the farmer began to think that things were rather dry, you might depend upon it that next day it would rain. And when he thought that he had had rain enough, the clouds broke at once, just as if they were under his command.

So the farmer was in good humor, and he did not grumble as he usually did. He looked pleased and cheerful as he walked over the field with his two boys.

"It will be a splendid harvest this year," he said. "I shall have my barns full and shall make a pretty penny. And then Jack and Will shall have some new trousers, and I'll let them come with me to market."

"If you don't cut me soon, farmer, I shall sprawl on the ground," said the rye, and she bowed her heavy ears quite down toward the earth.

The farmer could not hear her talking, but he could see what was in her mind, and so he went home to fetch his scythe.

"It is a good thing to be in the service of man," said the rye. "I can be quite sure that all my grain will be cared for. Most of it will go to the mill—not that that proceeding is so very

From *Queen Bee and Other Nature Tales*. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

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enjoyable, but it will be made into beautiful new bread, and one must put up with something for the sake of honor. The rest the farmer will save, and sow next year in his field."

At the side of the field, along the hedge and the bank above the ditch, stood the weeds. There were dense clumps of them—thistle and burdock, poppy and harebell, and dandelion; and all their heads were full of seed. It had been a fruitful year for them also, for the sun shines and the rain falls just as much on the poor weed as on the rich corn.

"No one comes and mows *us* down and carries us to a barn," said the dandelion, and he shook his head, but very cautiously, so that the seeds should not fall before their time. "But what will become of all our children?"

"It gives me a headache to think of it," said the poppy. "Here I stand with hundreds and hundreds of seeds in my head, and I haven't the faintest idea where I shall drop them."

"Let us ask the rye to advise us," answered the burdock.

And so they asked the rye what they should do.

"When one is well off, one had better not meddle with other people's business," answered the rye. "I will give you only one piece of advice: take care you don't throw your stupid seed onto the field, for then you will have to settle accounts with *me*."

This advice did not help the wild flowers at all, and the whole day they stood pondering what they should do. When the sun set they shut up their petals and went to sleep; but the whole night through they were dreaming about their seed, and next morning they had found a plan.

The poppy was the first to wake. She cautiously opened some little trapdoors at the top of her head, so that the sun could shine right in on the seeds. Then she called to the morning breeze, who was running and playing along the hedge.

"Little breeze," she said, in friendly tones, "will you do me a service?"

"Yes, indeed," said the breeze. "I shall be glad to have something to do."

"It is the merest trifle," said the poppy. "All I want of you is to give a good shake to my stalk, so that my seeds may fly out of the trapdoors."

"All right," said the breeze.

And the seeds flew out in all directions. The stalk snapped, it is true; but the poppy did not mind about that.

"Good-bye," said the breeze, and would have run on farther.

"Wait a moment," said the poppy. "Promise me first that you will not tell the others, else they might get hold of the same idea, and there would be less room for my seeds."

"I am mute as the grave," answered the breeze, running off.

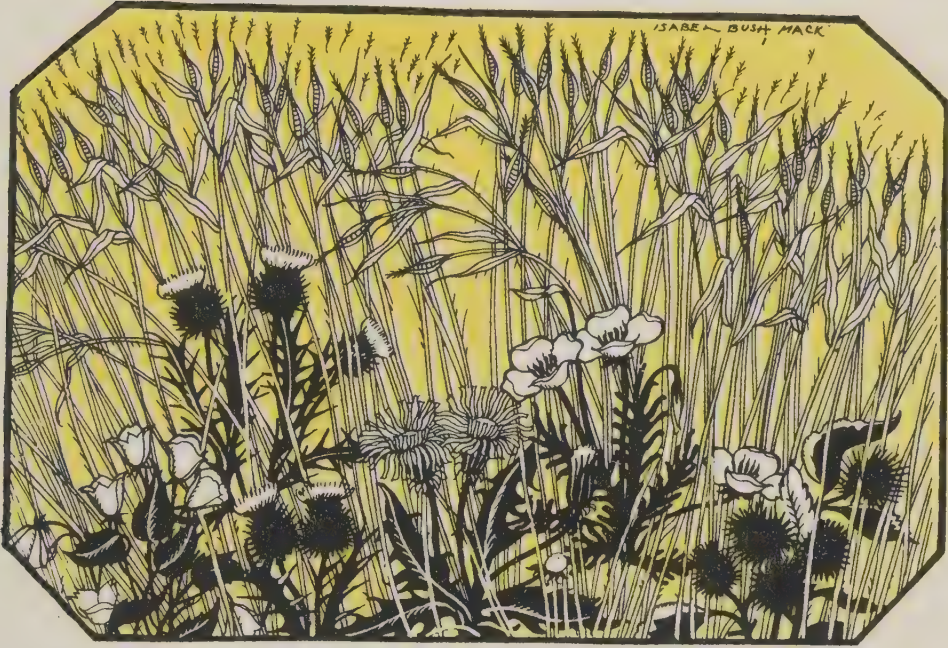
"Ho! ho!" said the harebell. "Haven't you time to do me a little, tiny service?"

"Well," said the breeze, "what is it?"

"I merely wanted to ask you to give me a little shake," said the harebell. "I have opened some trapdoors in my head, and I should like to have my seed sent a good way off into the world. But you mustn't tell the others, or else they might think of doing the same thing."

"Oh! of course not," said the breeze, laughing. "I shall be





as dumb as a stone wall.” And then she gave the flower a good shake and went on her way.

“Little breeze, little breeze,” called the dandelion, “whither away so fast?”

“Is there something the matter with you, too?” asked the breeze.

“Nothing at all,” answered the dandelion. “Only I should like a few words with you.”

“Be quick then,” said the breeze, “for I am thinking seriously of lying down and having a rest.”

“You cannot help seeing,” said the dandelion, “what trouble we are in this year to get all our seeds put out in the world; for, of course, one wishes to do what one can for one’s children.

What is to happen to the harebell and the poppy and the poor burdock I really don't know. But the thistle and I have put our heads together, and we have hit on a plan. Only we must have you to help us."

"That makes four of them," thought the breeze, and she could not help laughing out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the dandelion. "I saw you whispering just now to the harebell and poppy; but if you breathe a word to them, I won't tell you anything."

"Why, of course not," said the breeze. "I am mute as a fish. What is it you want?"

"We have set up a pretty little umbrella on the top of our seeds. It is the sweetest little plaything imaginable. If you will only blow a little on me, the seeds will fly into the air and fall down wherever you please. Will you do so?"

"Certainly," said the breeze.

And whoosh! it went over the thistle and the dandelion and carried all the seeds with it into the cornfield.

The burdock still stood and pondered. Its head was rather thick, and that was why it waited so long. But in the evening a hare leapt over the hedge.

"Hide me! Save me!" he cried. "The farmer's dog Trusty is after me."

"You can creep behind the hedge," said the burdock, "then I will hide you."

"You don't look able to do that," said the hare, "but in time of need one must help oneself as one can." And so he got in safely behind the hedge, where he remained hidden.

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"Now you may repay me by taking some of my seeds with you over into the cornfield," said the burdock; and it broke off some of its many heads and fixed them on the hare.

A little later Trusty came trotting up to the hedge.

"Here's the dog," whispered the burdock, and with one spring the hare leapt over the hedge and into the rye.

"Haven't you seen the hare, burdock?" asked Trusty. "I see I have grown too old to go hunting. I am quite blind in one eye, and I have completely lost my scent."

"Yes, I have seen him," answered the burdock, "and if you will do me a service, I will show you where he is."

Trusty agreed, and the burdock fastened some heads on his back, and said to him:

"If you will only rub yourself against the stile there in the cornfield, my seeds will fall off. But you must not look for the hare there, for a little while ago I saw him run into the wood." Trusty dropped the burrs on the field and trotted to the wood.

"Well, I've sent my seeds out in the world all right," said the burdock, laughing as if much pleased with itself; "but it is impossible to say what will become of the thistle and the dandelion and the harebell and the poppy."

Spring had come round once more, and the rye stood high already.

"We are pretty well off on the whole," said the rye plants. "Here we stand in a great company, and not one of us but belongs to our own noble family. And we don't get in each other's way in the very least. It is a grand thing to be in the service of man," they added cheerfully.



But one fine day a crowd of little poppies, and thistles, and dandelions, and burdocks, and harebells poked up their heads above ground, all amongst the flourishing rye.

"What does this mean?" asked the rye. "Where in the world are you sprung from?"

And the poppy looked at the harebell and asked: "Where did you come from?"

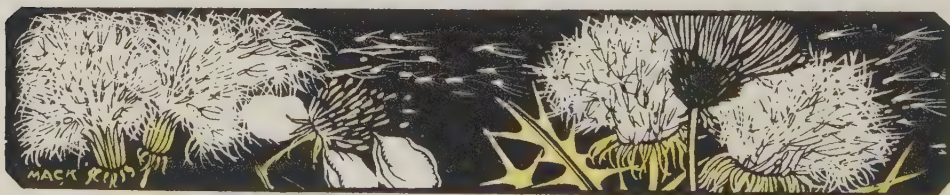
And the thistle looked at the burdock and asked: "Where in the world have you come from?"

They were all equally astonished, and it was an hour before they had explained. But the rye was the angriest, and when she had heard all about Trusty and the hare and the breeze she grew quite wild.

"Don't be in such a passion, you green rye," said the breeze, who had been lying behind the hedge and hearing everything. "I ask no one's permission, but do as I like; and now I'm going to make you bow to me."

Then she passed over the young rye, and the thin blades swayed backwards and forwards.

"You see," she said, "the farmer attends to this rye, because that is his business. But the rain and the sun and I—we attend to all of you without respect of persons. To our eyes the poor weed is just as pretty as the rich corn."





## THE STORY THE BELLS TOLD

All the bells of London remember Richard Whittington  
When they hear the voice of the Big Bell of Bow!

THIS is the story the bells of London tell each other, as they swing back and forth every evening—all the bells of the old nursery rhyme, St. Martin's, St. Giles', St. John's, All Hallowses, and the rest. But it is always the big bell of Bow that tolls out its triumphant strain after the others have chimed the story, for the great bell of Bow guided the fortunes of Richard Whittington when he was very young and very poor.

Many miles west of London, near where the River Severn winds its shining way to the sea, there lived an orphan lad whose only relative was an older brother. This brother was not very kind to him, and sometimes Dick Whittington did not

have enough to eat. In summer this did not matter, for he would spend all day on the warm hillside, lying full length in the sun, watching the ships dock at the distant harbor. But it was the city which lay a hundred miles east of him that he longed for—the magic city of London. And as he lay in the deep grass, thinking many things that a lad of fourteen wonders about, he imagined he could hear the far-off chime of bells, ringing and swinging in the still air. They called to him, sang to him, told him of London—his dream-city.

One day from his hill, Dick saw a peddler's caravan come down the road and stop before the village inn. A traveling merchant! And his horses were headed toward London. On an impulse Dick dashed down the hill, and when he reached the inn, hung wistfully around the peddler's wagon until the man came out from the taproom where he had eaten.

"Ho, there, lad," boomed the deep voice of the merchant, "knowest thou the way over this countryside toward London?"

"Aye, sir," replied Dick, "I know a road which will save thee half a day on thy journey. Wilt take me with thee?"

The kindly peddler told him to climb up on the wagon and ride to London with him. Mile after mile they jogged along, and the peddler told the boy beside him many a tale of city life, until Dick could hardly wait to see the towers of London come in sight. They spent the night by the wayside, as there was no inn near when darkness fell, and early in the dawn they were off again.

Regretfully Dick parted with his kind friend when London was reached, and full of eagerness he threaded his way through



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the narrow dirty streets of the city, streets which he had expected to find paved with gold. Soon he turned into a colorful street where there was much excitement and activity. It was a scene of trading, where the apprentices cried, "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?"

Some had gay silks for sale, others showed ready-made clothing, fine laces, or sheerest lawns. With wondering eyes Dick looked at all the finery and thought how he, too, would like to be one of the gaily clad lads who shouted their masters' wares with a zest. From booth to booth he went, asking if the merchant needed yet another apprentice, and each one frowned and shook his head. At last night came and Dick had no place to go. Tired and hungry he dodged into a doorway for the night, fearful lest he should be turned out of even that poor shelter. For three days and nights he walked the London streets, finally asking alms from the passers-by. With the few halfpence given him, he bought crusts of bread, but he got hungrier and thinner, and he was so tired he would gladly have lain down on the curb and never got up again.

At last, unable to walk any longer, Dick turned down a little lane that led off one of the main streets. He crumpled into a heap on the doorstep of a big house which belonged to one of the leading merchants of London, Hugh Fitzwarren. There the merchant found him when he came home a little later. He shook Dick roughly, thinking he was but a lazy lad who had used his doorstep for a place to sleep. But when he saw how white the boy was and that he did not move, full of pity the man brought the boy into his house, fed him, gave him a place

to sleep, and told his chief cook to make use of him in the kitchen.

So Dick Whittington found work to do in London, but not the London of his dreams. His London now was the huge kitchen of a vast house, where he turned meats on the spit for an ill-tempered cook, scoured the big pots and kettles, and ran errands for her until he was so weary he stumbled with fatigue. He had a bed of straw in the attic where the beams hung so low he could not stand upright. Great gray rats were there, that ran boldly out from their holes, and looked at Dick with little beady eyes.

And in his low dark garret Dick vowed to himself that if ever he was a merchant, a man whose name was respected in London town, that he would care for all boys like himself, who huddled in straw in cellar or garret to keep warm, or perchance wandered the streets of London, homeless and friendless. It was a vow not lightly made, and to be fulfilled beyond his wildest dreams.

Although the cook was unkind to him, the footman in Fitzwarren's house was a good man, and he befriended Dick, taught him how to read, and lent him books which Dick managed to read in moments when the cook was not at his heels.

Hugh Fitzwarren had one child, a daughter, the lovely Alice. Her hair was like spun gold and her eyes as blue as the waters of the River Severn. She was gentle and good, and to Dick she seemed an angel from heaven. If she but smiled at him, much less spoke, it cast a radiance over the whole day, and he would long for a glimpse of her soft green gown as for the sun.



One day a man gave Dick a penny for shining his shoes, and Dick ran out to buy something he had wanted for a long time—a cat! He saw one in a little girl's arms and she gladly took his penny, telling him the cat was a fine one to catch rats and mice. The news gladdened Dick's heart, and that night the rats fled in terror before pussy's swift paws.

So the months slipped away until Dick had been in Hugh Fitzwarren's employ for nearly a year. One spring evening when Dick was homesick for Gloucester countryside and the clean, sweet country air, Fitzwarren called all his household together.

"I'm sending out a ship i' the morn, lads," he said. "As I have done before, so will I do again. What have ye to venture on Hugh Fitzwarren's good ship *Unicorn*?"

The custom among the merchants was to let their apprentices and servants send out money or whatever they owned on



their ships. This money and merchandise the captain of the vessel traded in foreign lands, often to the great profit of those who staked their money or goods. Sometimes the ship never came home again, but that was a risk both merchant and apprentice took. It was an exciting time when a ship sailed and even more exciting when she returned, sometimes after several years.

Each one of Fitzwarren's servants brought something to go on the ship, money or goods as the case might be. Then it came Dick's turn. He hung his head, for he had spent the few pennies that came his way for books to read. He had nothing.

The lovely Alice saw his distress and spoke up. "Father, let me venture some gold from my purse for Dick. An' thou wilt let me, here is a gold guinea."

Fitzwarren shook his head. "Not so, my child. The venture must be Whittington's own." He turned to Dick. "Hast thou nothing in the world, lad?"

Dick blushed with shame. "Nothing in the world, sir," he faltered, "but a cat."

How the apprentices and servants laughed! Whoever heard of sending a cat to sea? Even Hugh Fitzwarren smiled, but the gentle Alice did not laugh.

"Well, fetch thy cat, lad, an' be quick about it, for the *Unicorn* weighs anchor in the dawn." So Dick got his gray pussy and, holding her in his arms with his cheek on her soft fur, took her down to the *Unicorn* and gave her to the captain. That man seemed not to think so ill of a cat. "She will keep the rats in their place an' they get too venturesome, lad."

The *Unicorn* sailed away, and the days and months went

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by until Dick sometimes wondered if there had been such a ship or if he had ever owned a cat. Life was very hard for him. The cook would beat him unmercifully if he as much as spilled a little gravy from the roast.

"Why do I stay?" Dick asked himself one night. "I will go away from London and never come back. I will go back to the country where, though I had not enough to eat, no one beat me, and there was always fresh air and sunlight."

So he put his few belongings in a little bundle, and with it on a stick over his shoulder he stole out of Fitzwarren's house very early one morning, hours before anyone was stirring. Even the rats were still.

As far as Holloway he got, and the stone on which he sat to rest is even today called Whittington's stone. And now the bells chime merrily as they tell this part of the story, for as Dick sat there, the big bell of Bow rang out on the early morning air. And this is what it said:

Turn again, Whittington!  
Turn again, Whittington!  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London,  
Thy ship hath come home!  
Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London!

And as Dick listened, up the muddy Thames toward the sleeping city came a ship. Not the bravely decked *Unicorn* which two years before had sailed away from London town, but a black and battered *Unicorn* with torn sails, that crept

slowly up to the wharf. Dick saw it not, but now all the bells took up the chorus of welcome:

Turn again, Whittington!  
 Lord Mayor of London!  
 Turn again, Whittington,  
 Thy ship hath come home!

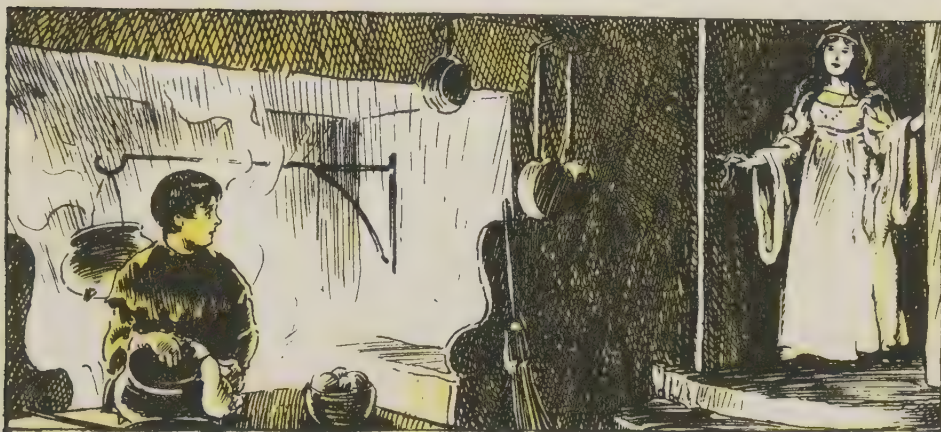
The message of the bells was heard and understood. Slowly Dick turned toward the city and back to Hugh Fitzwarren's house, which was just then wakening. He was at his kitchen work before the lazy cook was down, and he had not even been missed.

Working away at his tasks he heeded not the bells of London which were still ringing as if they never would stop. All of them, answering each other, were shouting a brazen chorus of welcome and rejoicing. Suddenly on the kitchen stair there was a light step, and he looked up to see before him Alice Fitzwarren.

"Quick, Dick," she cried. "The *Unicorn* has come home and they want thee. Oh, bother not about thy clothes," as Dick hesitated and looked down at his soiled clothing. "Father says to hurry."

At a long table in a high, dark room sat Hugh Fitzwarren, and before him were weather-beaten chests, richly carved, as well as huge sacks which held the treasures of the Orient, gleaned for his master by the captain of the *Unicorn*. The captain and two of his mates, tanned by wind and sun, stood with brawny arms akimbo, waiting for Fitzwarren's word.





"Enter, Whittington," called Fitzwarren, as the boy hesitated on the threshold, still wondering why his master had sent for him. "But 'tis Whittington no longer. Mr. Richard Whittington thou art. See, lad," and he motioned to the sailors who tilted a heavy sack on to the long table. "Look, 'tis thine, every bit."

And before Dick's astonished eyes there came from the sack jewels worth a king's ransom: amethysts, purple as violets in the spring; emeralds as green as the great ocean when it is angry; rubies redder than the heart of an American Beauty rose; pearls like drops of milk; and opals that gave back every color of the rainbow. They lightened the dark room and transfigured the face of the boy who stood gazing as if in a dream.

"Tell the lad how it came about," Fitzwarren commanded the captain. So, simply and with no ado, the *Unicorn's* captain told how when the ship had touched the coast of Barbary, the king of that country had asked them to court. They found the rats and mice were so bold that they came up even on the din-

ner table and ate the food, and bothered the king when he was asleep at night. Wherefore the captain sent one of his men back to the ship for Dick's cat, and pussy soon routed the rats. The King of Barbary, who had never before seen a cat, was grateful, and insisted the captain take a great sack of jewels in payment for the animal. This he did and brought the treasure back for Dick.

"But the ship was thine, sir," stammered Dick, hesitatingly.

"Aye, lad," said Fitzwarren, "but 'twas thou who staked thy cat. Take thy treasure and welcome. Use it wisely and well and the world will be better off for thy having lived in it."

Dick hesitated a moment, and then he gathered up his sack of gems, all his rich booty, and with a gesture both eloquent and humble, laid them at the feet of the lovely Alice Fitzwarren.

The young girl would not take any of Dick's fortune, so part was used to give the boy as fine an education as any gentleman's son could boast of in those days. When Dick had finished school and was established in his own house, once again he called at the home of Hugh Fitzwarren, this time to claim the gentle Alice as his bride. So the bells rang out again, wedding bells from the churches of London, when Dick married his Alice.

Whittington the man, and thrice Lord Mayor of the great city of London, did not forget the vow made in his dismal garret. Long years he worked for the good of the city, building hospitals, churches, libraries, and schools for poor boys who, like himself, had neither parents nor friends. He saw a London which he had dreamed of as a boy, a city where justice and truth prevailed, and only kindness and peace dwelt. Much

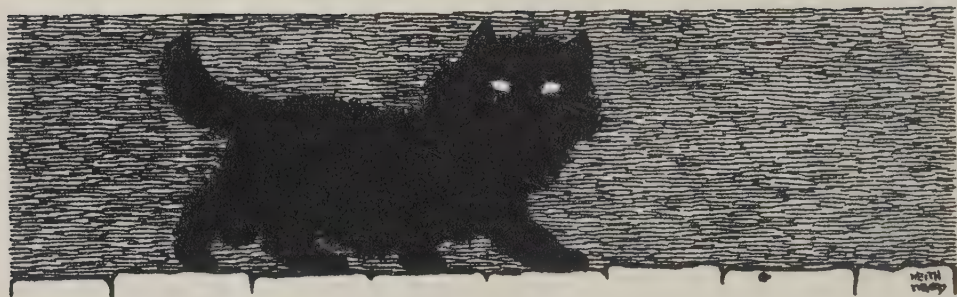


that made London a better city was accomplished by Whittington, and years afterward he was made a knight by King Henry V of England. A statue of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms stood over Newgate Street in the heart of London until the year 1780.

Slowly the bells toll now, for the story is almost ended. Not quite, for wherever there is industry, faith, friendliness, justice, and mercy, there will be found the spirit of Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

Whittington! Whittington! The world is all a fairy-tale!—  
Even so we sang for him—But, O the tale is true!





## KITTEN'S NIGHT THOUGHTS

WHEN Human Folk put out the light,  
And think they've made it dark as night,  
A Pussy Cat sees every bit  
As well as when the lights are lit.

When Human Folk have gone upstairs,  
And shed their skins and said their prayers,  
And there is no one to annoy,  
Then Pussy may her life enjoy.

No Human hands to pinch or slap,  
Or rub her fur against the nap,  
Or throw cold water from a pail,  
Or make a handle of her tail.

And so you will not think it wrong,  
When she can play the whole night long,  
With no one to disturb her play,  
That Pussy goes to bed by day.

OLIVER HERFORD

From *The Kitten's Garden of Verses*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## To Enchanted Lands

### THE SOAP BUBBLES

ANNA WAHLENBERG



ONCE, long ago, there were on the earth two villages, Osterby and Vesterby. They lay not more than half a mile apart, and a feeling of harmony had always existed between them. But one fine day there came a messenger from the king to say that the royal highway for the neighborhood was to extend through that region. And now the king wished to know which of the two towns was the more important, because it was through that one the highway should go.

Now it was very natural that the Vesterby people thought their village the more important, while the inhabitants of Osterby felt the same way about theirs. A lengthy dispute thereupon arose, and, to make an end of it, it was suggested the king should call a meeting at which the most able men of both towns should appear to contest with each other regarding the fine arts. And the village in which the prize winner lived should become the commercial center, of which he should be named the mayor, and the road through that town should be the king's highway. The contest, moreover, should take place at the crossing of the roads to the two towns, and should be presided over by the king and all six of the princesses.

In both towns people now began to interest themselves with all their might in arts of every kind. At a distance of two miles, song and music could be heard. Wherever one went, painters

*From Old Swedish Fairy Tales. Translated from the Danish of Frede Thomsen by Antoinette De Coursey Patterson. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.*



were to be found who sat and daubed, and sculptors who hacked away at the blocks of marble which were rushed up to them. On the village streets dancing-masters executed pirouettes, and in the woods poets wandered and wrote verses of such length that the strips of paper on which they were written trailed after them for several yards.

In Vesterby there was one man who was absolutely sure of winning the prize, and he was the joiner's son, tall Erik. Where others could do one thing, he could do ten. His rivals persistently declared that it was not enough to know many things in order to win; but rather that one should know at least one



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thing better than any other. This, however, was laid down to jealousy; and all the wise folk in Vesterby, who had not any talent themselves and therefore would not be in the contest, set their hopes on Erik.

Among them was Lotte, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, who thought herself so rich and distinguished that she could not greet a person in any other fashion than by a slight droop of the eyelids.

For three years Erik had tried to make her change her mind regarding himself; but she had not wished to even know him, for he was as ugly as a scarecrow and as poor as a church rat; and then she had always believed there was nothing much in those people who devoted themselves to fine arts. Now, however, it was altogether another thing.

Therefore Lotte said "Yes," when Erik again wooed her.

And so they were married at once, for there was no need to wait.

When the day of the meeting came, Lotte's father, the big farmer, had red and blue rosettes fastened to the heads of his fattest horses; and these were harnessed to his finest equipage which was gay with long streamers and embroidered ribbons. And in this carriage Lotte and Erik drove to the crossway. But if the carriage and horses were gorgeous, Lotte and Erik were still more so. They shone and radiated like the sun and moon.

They thought it fine to drive slowly, and thus arrive at the crossway at the last moment; and when they reached the place, there stood all the Vesterby people on the left side, and all the Osterby people on the right side, and between them sat the king

and his daughters, the six princesses, upon a raised platform.

On the steps beside them stood Hr. von Vippenstjært who, at court, was the judge of what was correct taste, and who knew exactly what everything was worth, from a little tub of butter or a song to the praise of spring. He held a bell in his hand to give the signal when the contest should begin.

And now he rang it.

First, those who could sing must come forward and let themselves be heard. The king sat and wrote with a slate pencil upon a huge slate their degrees of excellence. *Three* meant "remarkable"; *two* meant "very good"; and *one* meant "good." He tried very hard not to be unfair; and so he always beckoned the judge of taste von Vippenstjært to him when it came to the numbers, and what he whispered to him, that the king wrote down.

It did not go very simply with the songs. One person made *three*, two made *two*, and Erik, as always happened with him, made *one*.

After these came the painters, the musicians, the poets, and the dancing-masters, and all the other artists. And in every new contest Erik came forward and shared in it and made his usual number—below which there was no smaller figure.

Lotte sat in the carriage and waited; and when he came up to her and told her what he had made, she screwed up her nose.

At last, just after all the arts had been given their turns, there stepped forward a young man, handsome, full of life, and with flowers in his hat, and said that he wished to take part in the contest.

"Who is that?" asked the princesses of their ladies-in-wait-

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ing; and the ladies-in-waiting, questioning those who stood around, learned that it was Ole from Osterby—he who had such a charming garden that people came from all parts to see his flowers, and also to buy them.

“Well, and what can you do?” asked the king.

“I can blow soap bubbles,” said Ole from Osterby.

And with that he took out a pipe and a bottle of soapy water. But the judge of taste, Hr. von Vippenstjært, pushed him aside with both hands.

“This has nothing to do with the fine arts,” said he. “It is not in any way art. Anyone can blow soap bubbles. And as it is, the contest is already over.”

“So then it is not worth my trying,” said Ole, and he turned on his heel and went on his way whistling.

But now the king looked askance at Hr. von Vippenstjært. He had by this time realized how difficult it would be to decide who had won the prize. And so he questioned him as to how one could manage to be perfectly just.

“Ah, your majesty, it is a case of pure mathematics,” said the judge of taste, and he peered at the slate. “Here we see some who have made *ones*; some who have made *twos*; and some who have made *threes*; but there is only one who has made a great number of ones. Nothing is needed but to add the figures all up.”

The king scratched the back of his ear and began to count. But when he came to the result, and found it was Erik, with his many *ones*, who had exceeded all the others, he could not understand it; for Erik had wearied him dreadfully, and he had sat



and yawned every time the fellow came to the front. "No," thought the king, "there must be something wrong."

And so he began to count again, and ordered the princesses to keep quiet and not interrupt him.

However, it was not so easy for the six little princesses to sit as still as mice, for there was now nothing especial for them to look at or talk about. But whilst Ole of Osterby wandered along on his way home, he began to blow soap bubbles for his own amusement. And wonderful soap bubbles they were. They rose through the air in groups, and formed the loveliest flowers and butterflies—yes, and complete shining castles. And they did not break, but rose higher and higher until they could no longer be seen.

Many people followed Ole to admire the sight, and the six little princesses craned their necks, peered after the soap bubbles, and whispered to each other:

"See that! And oh, see that!"

After some time had passed, the king beckoned to Hr. von Vippenstjært:

"I have now counted Erik's numbers twelve times," he said, "and the result remains exactly the same. But it cannot be correct, for Erik is only a boor."

"When the figures counted up agree, it must be correct. Also Erik is no boor but a man of importance. And it is he who has won the prize."

The king then ordered the drummers to beat loudly on their drums, and the heralds to cry out that it was Erik who had won the prize, and that Vesterby should be the commercial center.

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A high pole was then raised, pointing toward Vesterby, and upon the pole was fastened a placard which read:

“The Royal Highway to Vesterby, Commercial Town.”

Then Erik and Lotte were called up to the platform. And when they came to the king, he named Erik the mayor and Lotte the lady mayoress, and then he took them by the hand and congratulated them. And Lotte strutted about and could not have put on more airs if she had been named the queen.

And now the six princesses must also congratulate them. But when the king called them he noticed the youngest was missing. And the others said she had run off to see the soap bubbles.

“Make haste and fetch her,” said the king to one of the ladies-in-waiting.

She hurried off as fast as she could, but she did not come back again; and so another lady-in-waiting was obliged to go in her place. But neither did she return; and as for the remaining ladies-in-waiting who were sent to fetch the princess they, too, seemed to have vanished. The king was so angry that he jumped about and stamped on the floor. He now sent his courtiers on the same errand, but they also remained away.

“Well,” said the king to the next youngest princess, “I think I shall have to let you go; they will surely show obedience and respect to a royal personage.”

And so off went the next youngest of the princesses. But she also let them wait for her. Then the king sent another princess to fetch that runaway; and then another and another until all were gone. But not a single one of them came back.

And now all the people, both of Osterby and Vesterby, were lured off in the direction of Osterby; and the only ones who remained behind at the crossway were the king, the judge of taste, and Erik and Lotte.

The king was by this time so angry that he fairly snorted.

"Come and help hold up my mantle," he said to von Vippenstjært, "for now I am going myself."

And the king started off, while the judge of taste traipsed after him and held up his mantle.

And when they reached Osterby, those they sought were found the very first thing. They were all gathered in Ole's garden, and not one of them saw the king come, so absorbed were they in watching the soap bubbles which Ole blew. They were not only birds, flowers, castles, and butterflies, but also great spheres which the people standing around reached out for with their hands, and gazed at with such happy looks in their faces—as though they saw the splendor of earth and sky playing about in them.

And around Ole stood all the princesses with the exception of the youngest, who sat on the bench by his side with an arm about his neck, and did not see her father.

When the king caught sight of this, he was even more angry than before, and he seized the princess by the arm.

"Are you not ashamed?" he cried. "Have you entirely forgotten that you are a princess?"

"Yes, I almost think I have," answered the little princess, and she dropped her eyes.

"And now for a punishment you must marry him," said the



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king; "he around whose neck you have put your arm must be your husband."

At this the little princess raised her eyes again, and looked so overjoyed and happy. And Ole kissed her on the mouth. At the same moment a bubble floated from his pipe and settled upon the king's hand, so that he was forced to look at it. And it was wonderful to see how all anger now vanished from his face. He felt that he had never seen so fair a country, such good children, and such happy people around him!

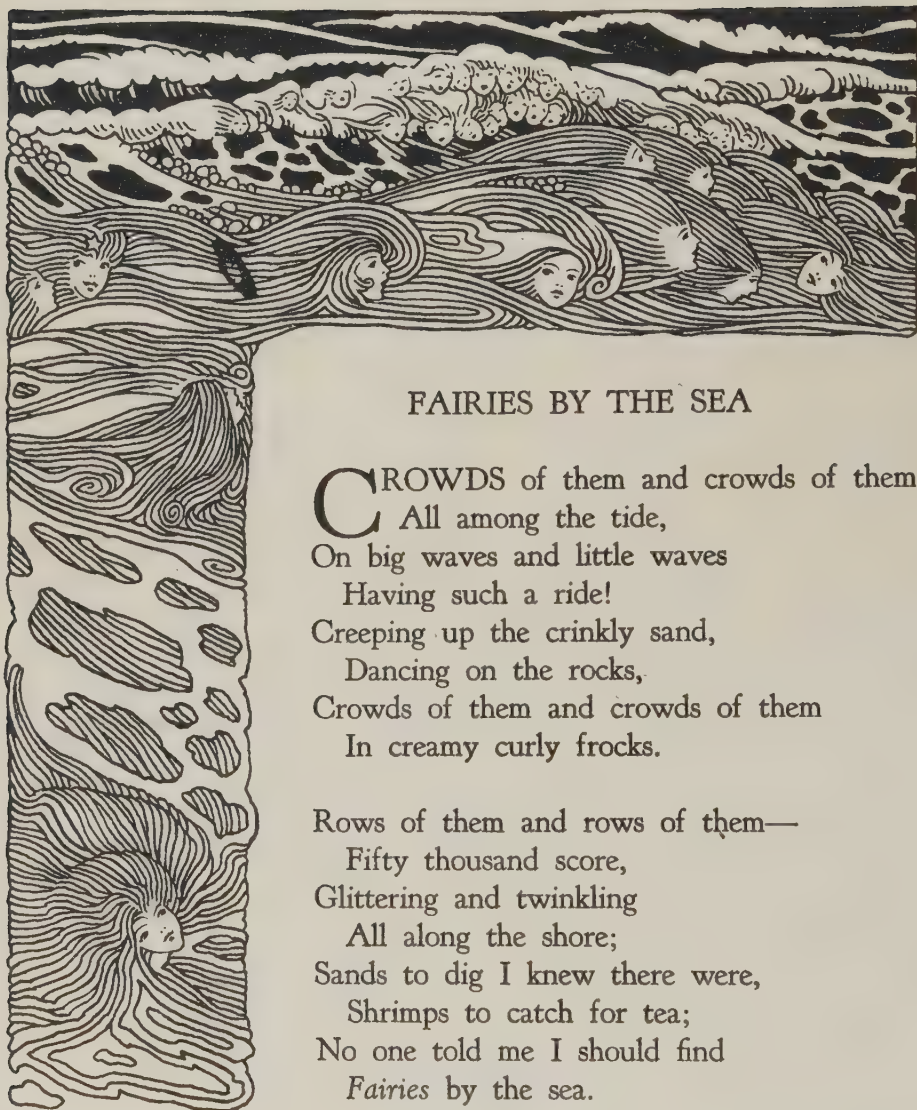
And when he turned his gaze from the bubble, and looked about him, he thought that whatever his eyes rested upon was beautiful.

"I will live here," said he. "This is the prettiest spot in my realm."

And so the king built himself a magnificent castle in Osterby, and Ole married the little princess, and was given permission to plan and look after the great gardens. But in the evening he sat with the princess on a step out in the garden and blew soap bubbles for themselves and all those who wished to see. And they were many, for every one traveling, who chanced to be in that neighborhood, took the road to Osterby.

And thus it happened that the road which did not have the royal name became in truth the King's Highway!





## FAIRIES BY THE SEA

CROWDS of them and crowds of them  
All among the tide,  
On big waves and little waves  
Having such a ride!  
Creeping up the crinkly sand,  
Dancing on the rocks,  
Crowds of them and crowds of them  
In creamy curly frocks.

Rows of them and rows of them—  
Fifty thousand score,  
Glittering and twinkling  
All along the shore;  
Sands to dig I knew there were,  
Shrimps to catch for tea;  
No one told me I should find  
*Fairies* by the sea.

ROSE FYLEMAN

From *Fairies and Friends*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1926. New York: George H. Doran Company, publishers.



## HANSEL AND GRETEL

*Grimm*

A POOR woodcutter lived on the edge of a deep, dark forest with his wife, his son Hansel, and his little daughter Gretel. Although the man worked hard, he could scarcely earn enough to take care of his family. Each year they raised vegetables for their own use, but one year there was a bad drought. Nothing would grow in the garden or throughout the country, and people were so poor that they could not even buy wood. At last the woodcutter saw his family faced by starvation.

One evening after the children had gone to bed the parents were discussing how they could possibly get along. "What will



become of us," the poor man sighed, "now that I cannot earn enough to feed all four of us?"

"You have spoken truly, husband," answered the wife. "Four you cannot feed. The children are young and should be able to fend for themselves. Tomorrow let us take them to the thickest part of the forest and leave them where they cannot find their way home again. Then we shall have only ourselves to feed."

"No, wife," said the man, "that I will never do; how could I have the heart to leave my children alone in the wood where they might starve or be eaten by wild beasts?"

"Oh, you simpleton," she answered, impatiently, "if we keep them we will all starve, while it may be that the fairies will feed them in the wood."

Although the man knew his wife had mentioned the fairies just to comfort him, he at last consented. The children, who had not been able to fall asleep because of their hunger, overheard all that was said.

"What will become of us?" Gretel asked her brother between her sobs.

"Be quiet, Gretel," Hansel answered, "and do not cry. I will take care of us both."

As soon as his parents were asleep, Hansel slipped on his coat and stole out into the garden where he gathered handfuls of little stones that glistened whitely on the paths. When his pockets were filled he returned to the house and, jumping into bed, was soon fast asleep.

Early in the morning, before the sun had risen, the mother

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called them to get up. "We must all go to the woods to gather fuel," she said.

She gave them each a big piece of dry bread for their dinner, and told them to be sure not to eat it too soon, as they would get no more. Gretel carried the bread in her apron because Hansel had his pockets full of pebbles. As they went along, he dropped the white pebbles to mark their path.

When they reached the thickest part of the forest, the father bade the children gather brushwood. As soon as they had a sufficient pile, the father made a fire for them and told them to rest there while he and their mother were cutting fuel. The children gathered enough brushwood to keep their fire fed and then sat by it while their parents wandered farther and farther out of sight. At midday the children ate their bread and sat listening to the strokes of their father's ax, thinking all the time that he was near by. But what they heard was only a dry branch swinging against a tree with the wind. Finally the children fell asleep and did not wake until their fire had gone out and night was coming on. Gretel began to cry, but Hansel comforted her with promises that they should soon be home. When the moon rose it was easy enough to follow the white pebbles, so that before daybreak they were once again at home. When they knocked on the door their mother came to let them in, scolding because they had stayed so long in the wood, but their father was truly glad to see them back and shared his morning crust with them.

Life went on as before for a few days but meantime food was getting scarcer and scarcer. "We have only half a loaf left,"



the woman said to her husband, "and the children must go, lest we all starve. We must take them deeper in the wood tomorrow."

"Better to share our last crust with them," the father pleaded, "than desert them in the wood."

But his wife scolded and nagged until, at last, he gave in, as he had done before.

The children had overheard all that was said, and after his parents were asleep, Hansel tried to steal out to gather pebbles again, but the door was locked and bolted, so he could not get out. He was not discouraged for he felt sure he would find some way to mark the path through the woods.



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When morning came, the mother roused them and gave each a tiny crust to take along for lunch, and then the parents led the way into the forest, deeper than they had ever gone before. As they went along Hansel crumbled his morsel of bread and strewed the crumbs along the path.

This day went as had the previous one, the parents building a fire and leaving the children to sleep in its warmth, and the two little ones waking to find themselves deserted. But this time the moon did not show them the homeward path, for the birds had made a feast of Hansel's bread crumbs. Poor children! They tried one path and then another until they were hopelessly lost. All night and next day they hunted, living on a few berries they found by the roadside, until at night, tired out, hungry, and despairing, they dropped down under a big tree, unable to drag themselves any farther.

In the morning when they woke, the birds were singing in the branches above their heads. Soon they noticed one little white bird singing so sweetly that they could not but listen to him. When the bird finished his song, he flew away, but so slowly that the children were able to follow him.

Suddenly they came to a clearing, and there before them was a little house—the most wonderful little house they had ever seen. The roof was made of gingerbread, the walls of little cakes put together with a mortar of sugar, and the windows were of clear barley candy.

“See, Gretel,” cried Hansel, “here is food a-plenty. I will take a piece of the roof and you shall have a bit of wall.”

Hardly had he broken off a bit of the gingerbread, when they



heard a voice from within call:

Nibble, nibble, little mouse,  
Who is nibbling at my house?

The children answered at once:

It is the summer wind that blows,  
As round and round your house it  
goes.

They went on eating as if nothing had happened, for the gingerbread was delicious, and Gretel had never tasted such cake as she broke from the cottage wall.

All at once the door of the cottage blew open, and out came an old, old, old woman, leaning on a crutch. On her head was a pointed red hat and she wore a black cape. Her nose was so hooked it almost reached to her chin. The children, frightened, dropped their food and stood clinging to each other and staring at the old woman as she hobbled toward them. But instead of scolding she said, "You dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and I will give you better food than my walls and roof provide." So saying, she took them by the hand and led them into the cottage.

A good meal of pancakes, with butter and syrup, and a dish of apples and nuts, with all the milk they could possibly drink, was soon set before the children. When they had finished their meal she led them to two cozy white beds, and as Hansel and Gretel snuggled down under the warm covers, they thought they had found the most delightful home in the world.

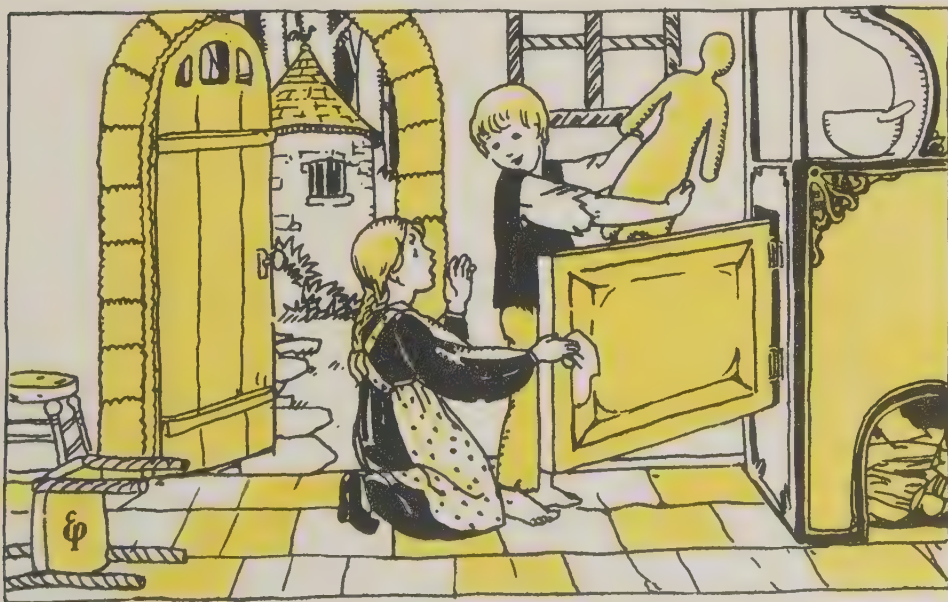
But what an awakening they had the next morning! The old

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woman was really a wicked witch who had built the little house just to entice children. Whenever one of them came into her power she cooked and ate him, and made a great festival of the day.

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she stood beside them and thought what nice tidbits they would make. "But they are rather too thin," she decided, "so I will have to fatten them up, one at a time." Therefore she woke Hansel and made him go out to a little stable, in which she locked him, despite his cries and screams. She then went back and woke Gretel, telling her to get up at once and carry food and drink to her brother.

"When he is nice and plump I shall eat him," said the cruel old witch. Gretel wept bitterly but it was quite in vain, for





she was obliged to do the witch's bidding; and every day she had to cook the choicest bits for her brother while she herself had only the scraps to eat.

Each day the old witch visited the stable and called to Hansel to put his fingers through the window bars that she might feel if he was getting fat. Luckily she could hardly see and had to tell by feeling whether he was putting on flesh; so Hansel would hold out a bone or twig, and the old woman felt that, marveling how thin he kept. But after a month had passed she lost patience and decided to wait no longer.

"Hurry, Gretel," she said to the little girl, "fill the pot with water. Be Hansel fat or lean, today I shall have him served for dinner." Oh, how the poor little sister cried, but she was helpless and had to do as she was told. She tried to warn Hansel but the witch saw to it that she did not get near the stable.

When the fire was built and the cauldron filled, the old woman said, "First we will bake, since the oven is nice and hot. I have already kneaded the dough." So saying she pushed Gretel up to the hot oven. "Creep in," she ordered, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread." But she really intended when Gretel got in to shut her up in the oven and let her bake, so she might eat her as well as Hansel.

Gretel guessed what the witch intended, but she pretended stupidity and answered, "I do not know how to do it. How shall I get in?"

"Little goose," said the witch impatiently, "the opening is large enough. See, I could even get in myself," and she poked her head into the oven. Then Gretel gave her a push so that

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she fell right in. In a trice she shut and bolted the oven door. The old witch howled to be let out but Gretel ran away and left her to bake.

The little girl rushed at once to the stable and opened the door, crying, "Hansel, come out at once. The witch is shut up in the oven and we are safe."

You can imagine how promptly he obeyed that call, and how together the children went all over the witch's house, looking in old chests in which were heaped many precious stones. Hansel stuffed his pockets full of these, and Gretel filled her apron. After breaking off a good supply of the gingerbread roof to feed them on their way, they peeped into the oven. To their surprise they found the witch had baked into a large gingerbread cookie. Feeling safe from her spells, Hansel decided it was time they started for home.

"We had best get out of this enchanted forest," Gretel agreed, "and besides father will be so glad to have these diamonds and pearls. He will be able to feed us all well after this, won't he?"

So off they hurried and never stopped until they came to a great lake. As they were wondering how they could cross, a big white duck came swimming by. So they cried out:

Pretty duck, with wings so white,  
Pray bear us over the water bright.

The duck came at once and carried Hansel across and then came back for Gretel. They thanked the duck, went joyously on their way, and soon reached a part of the wood which they knew quite well. It was not long until they saw the roof of



their father's house, and then they began to run. Into the cottage they rushed, half laughing and half crying with joy to be home, and into their father's arms they dashed.

Oh, how pleased he was to see them again. He had not had one happy hour since they had been lost in the forest. Gretel shook out her apron and Hansel emptied his pockets. Soon the floor was quite covered with glittering precious stones.

Their troubles were now at an end, for the cruel mother was dead; their father was overjoyed to have them once more with him, and there were enough jewels to buy them all they needed for many years. And so we will leave them in their father's arms, with Hansel's little white kitten rubbing against his legs and purring her joy that they were all together again.





## THE MAN WITH THE COCOANUTS

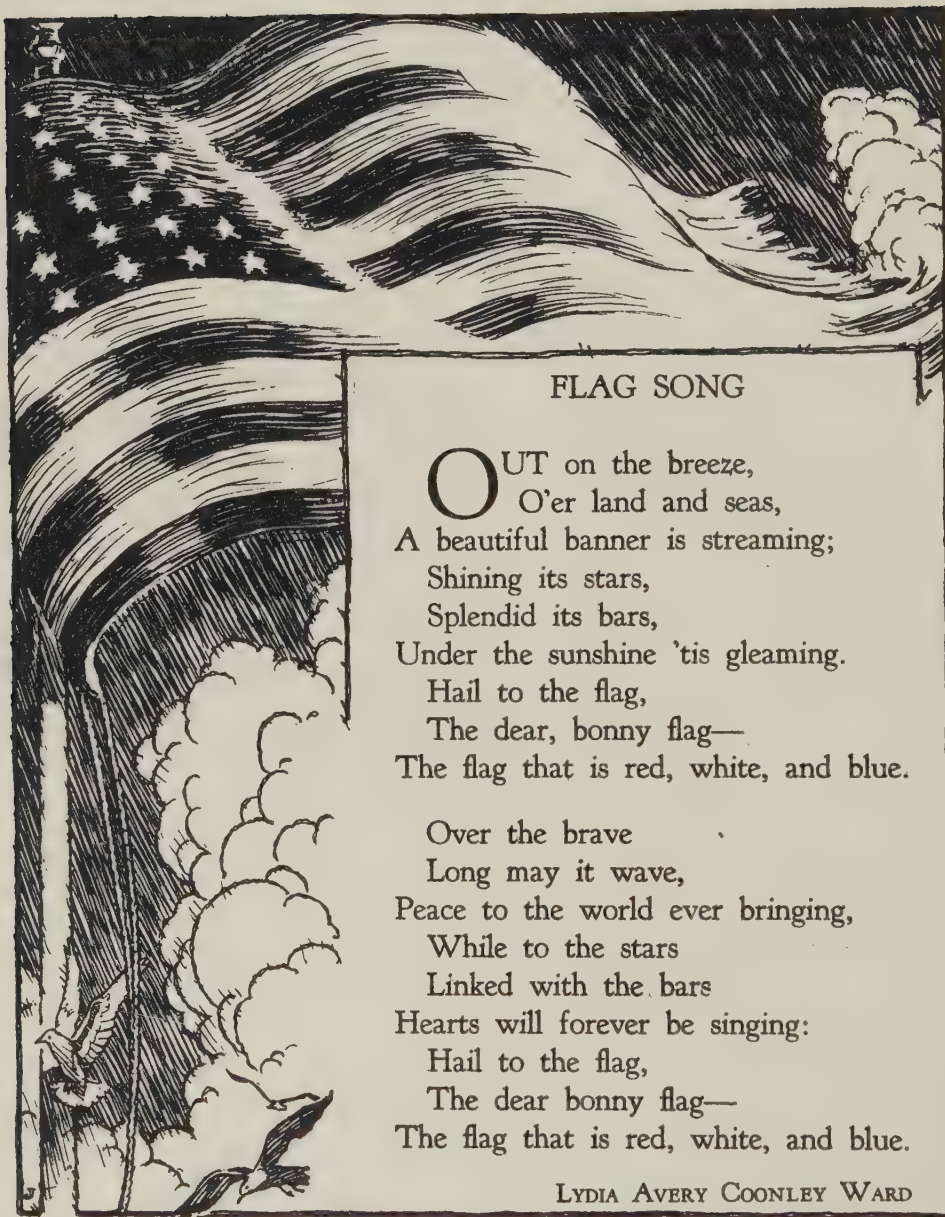
MABEL COOK COLE

ONE day a man who had been to gather his cocoanuts loaded his horse heavily with the fruit. On the way home he met a boy whom he asked how long it would take to reach the house.

"If you go slowly," said the boy, looking at the load on the horse, "you will arrive very soon; but if you go fast, it will take you all day."

The man could not believe this strange speech, so he hurried his horse. But the cocoanuts fell off and he had to stop to pick them up. Then he hurried his horse all the more to make up for lost time, but the cocoanuts fell off again. Many times he did this, and it was night when he reached home.

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## FLAG SONG

OUT on the breeze,  
 O'er land and seas,  
 A beautiful banner is streaming;  
 Shining its stars,  
 Splendid its bars,  
 Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.  
 Hail to the flag,  
 The dear, bonny flag—  
 The flag that is red, white, and blue.

Over the brave  
 Long may it wave,  
 Peace to the world ever bringing,  
 While to the stars  
 Linked with the bars  
 Hearts will forever be singing:  
 Hail to the flag,  
 The dear bonny flag—  
 The flag that is red, white, and blue.

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD













